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THE FRIENDSHIP.

BY R. B. SHELL.

Your friendship is a priceless gem,
Worth more than diamonds, rich or rare;
Or base, or wealth, or fine form,
Or rare, rich wine a county old.

And yet how rare we find it here,
Many called learned across the land;
Have seldom does that one appear
To be our friend in deeds and word.

Yet there are such t'en in this vale,
Whose hearts, well tried, are proven true;
Whose steadfast friendship will not fail
But shine like flowers bathed in dew.

Though storms assail and extreme winds
Blow rudely o'er our timid haven,
With hand, firm, faith to shore we leave,
And see bright shines though clouds are dark.

And so, to thee, dear friend, I turn,
And care and sorrow from me flee;
Oh, may our friendship constant burn,
From all entrapment ever free.

ELAMA,
THE TWIN SOUL.

BY C. LEON GUMPERT.

"The awful shadow of some unseen power
Floats, though unseen, among us."—Shelley.

[This story was commenced in No. 48, Vol. 56. Back Numbers can always be obtained.

CHAPTER XIII.
RESUMING THE MASK.

The apparition which had so startled Eustace and Gertrude, was none other than Mrs. Tendrie. She had entered by the gate in the rear of the garden, and now wended her way up toward the house. Mrs. Burdette and her niece, who were sitting on a rustic seat near the conservatory, were also thrown into a sudden terror by the appearance of the woman, as she came at rather a rapid pace upon them, without a moment's warning. Mrs. Burdette gave a scream and Mrs. Lasso darted from her seat and ran some little distance up the walk, stopped, look back and then retired quickly into the house, leaving her aunt to confront the apparition as best she might.

"My dear Mrs. Tendrie," said Mrs. Burdette, melting into tears at the sight of the lady—she was so relieved at her return. "How you frightened us all! What in the name of goodness has kept you so long away from us. Tell me."

"Why, my dear lady, don't you know I've been making grand preparations for my journey to Paris!" answered Mrs. Tendrie, breathlessly—and seemingly under some strange excitement. "Why of course, but I had to see my doctor, Bleu my lawyer, then my banker, then my dressmaker, and then a host of other slaves of mine. I've been staying with a friend in town. I'm sorry you have been alarmed. You mustn't mind my mood. I suppose you think me a very queer character. You mustn't mind me!"

"I'm so happy to see you. I'd really been thinking I had offended you. I hope not."

"Nonsense! I'm in better spirits than I ever was. As for what I said concerning that girl, let it pass, think no more about it. I've not very long to stay here, so I may as well make myself and other people about me comfortable."

"But why did you come in such an abrupt manner? Why didn't you send me word, that I might have a carriage at the depot?"

"Pshaw! You are very kind, but why should I trouble you. It was such a charming evening that I thought I would walk since I knew the road so well. Here I am safe and sound, Mrs. B., and prayer than ever!"

"Well, come into the house and get some tea! You are tired!"

"Thanks—but I've had my tea—and I'm not the least bit tired!" Who was that darted into the house so suddenly when I came up? Was it that Southgate girl?"

"No. That was my niece—Miss Lasso."

"Oh!—had I met two persons down by the evergreens! A couple of lovers, I should imagine—"

"Miss Southgate and Mr. Marvin!—of course," rejoined Mrs. Burdette, with a laugh. "You will see him wherever she is. They are dead in love with one another already."

"Ah, indeed! He visits her, does he?"

"This is his first visit!"

"Poor youth! I pity him—but come—let us get into the house—I feel chilly. Is Annie Templeton about? I haven't seen her since dinner—I suppose she's in her room? I'll run for her. Mrs. B., I want you to do me a favor!" she exclaimed with unwonted gaiety.

"I'm ready to do you any favor, of course. What is, fancy which is in my power. Name it, Mrs. Tendrie."

"Well," answered the other, as they proceeded up the gravel walk, "I have made extensive preparations for my departure to Europe on the 20th inst. Before I go I want to meet all my friends, and I want the use of your house and grounds for a garden party."

"Certainly, my dear Mrs. Tendrie. How delightful that will be! how charming!"

"I thank you so much, Mrs. B. You shall not be under the least expense. I will attend to everything. I want it to come off on the 20th, the day before I leave for the steamer. I have already my list of invitations, and have made arrangements for music—a full orchestra—fireworks—and a grand supper. Will it not be unique?"

"What a sumptuous woman you are in your ideas," said the mild Mrs. Burdette, who foresaw the social she would gain in her circle by the prospective entertainment to her pleasure-loving friends. "But have we time?"

"Plenty. This is only the 2d, we have two weeks, at least, to prepare. I shall send out my invitations immediately. Of course you must invite all your friends, too. I was only waiting for your permission to have the use of your house and garden, before I sent my cards. I'll send them to-night. But I would like Annie Templeton to take the children to the country to-morrow. There is no need of bothering you with them any longer." She had some sinister object in view in desiring the children removed.

"Just as you wish," said the yielding hostess. "You ought to manage things according to your own pleasure!" But the poor, dear children are so innocent wherever they go, I assure you!"

"Don't grant me too many privileges, please; I might abuse them. But, oh! I'm glad I'm home!" I can't help calling this my home!"

"Why shouldn't you call it so?" answered Mrs. Burdette. "You are welcome to use it as such whenever you please. I'm only sorry you can't stay here longer. But when you come back from France, if you don't become so fascinated there as to forget this place, I hope you will make my house your own."

"You dear, good woman," exclaimed Mrs. Tendrie, as they entered the parlor together, where a dim gas light was burning. "I hope I'll be disgusted with Paris, just so that I will be able to come back to you, you dear woman! You are too good, do you know that! You are so good that people are apt to impose upon you, make you a victim, Mrs. B."

"I'm willing—if it will benefit them," responded Mrs. Burdette. She had not the faintest idea that she could ever be victimized by Mrs. Tendrie—or used to that lady's advantage—or wound in the coils of that charmer. But a less subtle, less fawning and serpent like woman than Mrs. Tendrie could have easily have overcome and triumped over such a character as that of amiable Mrs. Burdette.

"You are entirely too good! You may repent of it some day!—but to return to the question of this grand festival I am going to give. I want it to be a complete success in every way. I have arranged every detail—down to the effects and china, and Chinese lanterns and circlian lights for the garden, the carpentering work for the platforms on which the band is to be, the many surprises, the oddities which I have invented for the occasion. All these things have been calculated and accomplished! You shall superintend the dressing rooms, Mrs. B., for the toilettes will be magnificent. The Mayor is to be here, with his good lady, both excellent friends of mine, then there is the Coroner and his wife, a lady, too, of exquisite taste, and Senator Rowege's daughter, who outshines every woman in the city circles. Her father will accompany her. The Southgate girl is an insipid doll in comparison with Miss Rowege! There'll be some fifty couples on my invitation alone. Of course you must attend to your friends yourself as I have so much to do, Mrs. B."

Mrs. Burdette was perfectly enchanted at the idea of this fete champetre. She thought to herself—"what a delightful woman this Mrs. Tendrie. How she can invent beautiful things!—what taste she has!—How my friends will talk of"—

"You have fixed the 19th for the party have you?" queried Mrs. Burdette.

"Yes, dear lady. The day before my departure. We begin at sunset, end at dawn, will that not be heavenly! A night of festival and gaiety such as this neighborhood has never beheld the like of before. I want all the rooms decorated and festooned with flowers and illuminated. The conservatory is to be hung with lanterns of all colors, the lawn is to be made as bright as day with blue lights and colored glasses. The dancing is to be there. The orchestra will be hidden in the copse beyond. The supper will be served under a scarlet marquee down near the lake. There, how do you like my idea of a garden party, Mrs. B. Is it not superb? I learned the art in Paris!"

"It is perfectly enchanting! perfectly! But I must do my share of course! Tell me what I am to do?"

"Enjoy yourself, that's all I ask of you dear lady! Enjoy yourself. Amuse yourself with your good friends and mine and make yourself happy. Leave all the work to me. I'll be superintendent and manager. I'll see to the guests. I'll arrange all the viands and attend to all the expenses!"

"That you shall not do, unless you wish to offend me, Mrs. Tendrie. I shall certainly add my share of the expense."

"Do you wish to offend me?" said Mrs. Tendrie with an injured look, as she removed her hat and began slowly pulling off her gloves. "Do not say that again, please. The idea! There you let me have the free use of your house and grounds, and as if that wasn't generous enough, you want to pay for my guest's entertainment too! No, no! You shall not! There! I will have my way."

"So be it then Mrs. Tendrie. You are welcome to make yourself mistress of the place! I shall not invite many."

"Why not, pray? Your friends are my friends; and certainly we can tussle our circle. You must invite all the best people here, you know. We mustn't ignore society. We move in too high a class for that. We mustn't lose caste, remember. The party must be a success, and it will be a success if I have anything to do with it."

"Oh! It's sure to be a delightful affair, Mrs. Tendrie. How I thank you for thinking of it and honoring me with such a treat. But I want to speak to you seriously about something that has worried me ever since you left. In the presence of Miss Southgate really offensive to you? If so, how can we have her here at the party?"

"Nonsense, dear lady. I never gave her a thought since the day you showed me that letter! I can never like the girl, but I needn't speak to her. There is no danger of her troubling me while I stay. If she chooses to be your guest here on that evening, why well and good. I shan't fret. She'll not be noticed either in the crowd of beauties who are coming. She'll be entirely eclipsed on that night, depend upon it. So there's no danger. Do not worry yourself about her. She is not fit company for either of us; but that can't be helped just now."

"You lift a great weight from my heart, Mrs. Tendrie, when you speak this way. I was so much worried—so heartily ashamed of myself the day I showed you her foolish letter. Yes, she's a very amiable girl, and always speaks of you so pleasantly. She seems to like you."

"Pah! Does she indeed! She has some object in view then. Like me, indeed. I'm sure I'm highly flattered. But let's change the subject. Your niece seems to be afraid of me."

"Goodness no! She didn't "recognise you. She was startled by your sudden appearance, that's all. So was I. You came on us so quick. I felt my heart leap into my mouth and stood rooted to the ground, I was so frightened. She's a very nice girl, indeed. You ought to know her by this time."

"Oh, she's good enough. She hasn't much refinement, though, to speak candidly."

"I don't know about that," meekly responded the aunt, "but I do know she's a good girl."

"As good as most girls of her age. By the way, was there any letter for me to-day?"

Mrs. Tendrie changed the subject again with suave abruptness.

"No. That is to say I have not seen any. Probably Annie could tell. She'll be here presently. Shall I ring for her?"

"Oh, no. By no means. But here come those precious lovers," said Mrs. Tendrie, fixing her eyes upon two figures who were seen through the door coming slowly up the garden walk. "I must retire. Good night, dear."

She kissed Mrs. Burdette and darted for the stairway.

"I don't want to prevent you if you've tired and desire to go up stairs, but surely you can stop a moment," said Mrs. Burdette, rising and following her. "I haven't had a bit of a chance to talk with you. I've so much to say."

"Come up stairs then, dear. You know I don't care about being here if they come in. Come up to my chamber."

"How can I? I must see Mr. Marvin if he comes in. I suppose he's going now. He came here on horseback at five o'clock."

"Gracious! He's an equestrian lover. How romantic. Well, I'll see you in the morning. Good night." Mrs. Tendrie walked up a few steps, and then leaning over the banister, said to the hostess:

"Remember what I told you about the fete champetre. It will be a glorious event."

"Oh, I shall not forget such an affair, Mrs. Tendrie. In the morning we can talk over the subject at length. Pleasant dreams. Good-night!"

Mrs. Burdette, with a parting smile at her ascending guest, went back to the parlor in expectation of seeing Eustace and Gertrude. They were still in the garden.

"What can that Charlotte be, I wonder?" said Mrs. Burdette, as she entered the room. "She's certainly an expliedable girl."

Passing from the parlor, through a short entry into the dining-room, she broke into a laugh to behold Miss Lasso sitting at the table eating a plate of strawberries and cream.

"My fright made me hungry, you see," said Charlotte.

"Have you been here long, child? Dear me—why didn't you let me know you were here?"

"I was better employed! What a disagreeable woman that Mrs. Tendrie is!"

"Oh, fie, fie, she might hear you. You mustn't talk that way!"

"But she is! She frightened me coming upon me there in the garden like a crazy woman. I believe she is crazy." She looks so!"

"Why goodness, child, you must not talk so! What in the world do you mean! Mrs Tendrie is one of the sweetest women I know! A perfect lady, too! I shan't have you talk so! Go to bed at once! You don't seem to like any of my friends. One day you hate Miss Southgate—another day you hate Mrs. Tendrie—so it goes—I'm sure I don't know why!"

"Miss Southgate I must confess I do not like. She is so very proud! But I detest Mrs. Tendrie! She's a deep, deceitful woman!"

"Charlotte!"

"I will say it! Look at her eyes! Why sometimes they're demoniac! I tell you she's a hypocrite—an adventuress! Why do you like her, aunt? Because she flatters you? I tell you I can't bear her, and I think I'm right in my dislike. A hateful, painted, over-dressed snaky sort of a woman—and she means mischief, too!"

The door suddenly opened, and Mrs. Tendrie put her head in, smilingly.

"Excuse me! I thought Annie Templeton was here! I can't find her anywhere!"

CHAPTER XIV.
MUSICAL MEMORIES OF EGEA.

Miss Lasso nearly screamed with fright at the sound of Mrs. Tendrie's voice, and her face was pale for the moment alarming. But Mrs. Tendrie had vanished as quietly and quickly as she came, but before leaving made a quick signal to Mrs Burdette, who made a move to follow her, but her niece catching her by her dress as she passed said:

"You surely are not going," exclaimed Miss Lasso, with an angry flirt of her head. "What did I tell you! She is a snake in the grass! She was listening all the while at the door! Let her listen—much flattery she will hear from me. Thought it was Annie Templeton, indeed. Think you ever hear of such deceit in your life?"

"Say no more about it," said Mrs. Burdette, with a touch of anger in her voice and expression. "You shall not go to talk of my friends this way. I shall not love you if you do."

Very little more was said. Miss Lasso gave no further voice to her indignation, and Mrs. Burdette walked from the room into the parlor in time to encounter not Mrs. Tendrie but Eustace and Gertrude who had just entered from the garden.

Mrs. Tendrie had taken herself up stairs again. She was certainly a strange woman.

Eustace had passed a delicious hour in the company of Miss Southgate and he now was loathe indeed to leave.

"Oh! Mrs. Burdette!" exclaimed Gertrude, "did you see that strange woman in the garden! She frightened me so."

Mrs. Burdette laughed and returned: "Not much of a stranger, Gertrude. That was Mrs. Tendrie."

"You surprise me," said Miss Southgate. "How did she happen to come into the garden in that locality. She walked so fast, too. I was positively frightened."

"And I too," said Eustace. For we had been talking of all kinds of supernatural and unearthly things when we confronted this apparition; and I must confess my heart stood still for an instant and my blood turned to ice when I saw it."

"Mrs. Tendrie was the innocent cause of fright to all of us," said Mrs. Burdette. "She came in the rear gate of the garden and little dreamed that she would stumble upon a party in the shrubbery the way she did. But are you going, Mr. Marvin?"

This last interrogatory was prompted by Eustace's sudden dash for his hat and a glance at his watch.

"I am sorry, very sorry I have to go, Mrs. Burdette; but I am afraid I must. It is getting late, and besides my furlough has expired. I will go after the horse."

"Stay," said Mrs. Burdette, "I will send a servant!" She rang the bell and gave the order immediately.

"Thank you," said Eustace, "you really encourage me to visit you too often as I said before. You have no servant at stations here!"

"Well, and now frankly as a connoisseurs wasn't my sunset delightful?"

"It was charming, Mrs. Burdette," he laughed. "It's really a misfortune to have your grounds." I must come again and see it, and I shall be so happy to be taught astronomy by you, Miss Southgate. But the sunats! My, my! and I forgot the sunsets at stations here!"

"You shall have it then!" she replied with charming acquiescence, seating herself at the piano. "I will play Beethoven's second. It reminds me of a sunset!"

She touched the instrument into divine voicing and when she came to the adagio, Eustace was thrilled into a blissful reverie that she could not forget in years. It was like the subtle charm of wine, or the ethereal happiness born of opium, that gave him newer energy, life, ambition, hope, that imbued him with a galvanism of feeling, that invigorated his soul and made him ecstatic. He felt that the voice of the mighty master, spoke to him, and the glory and mystery of God's universe became revealed to him, and he felt life was beautiful, love, joy, sorrow was immortal, that pain and sin, and death were myths of the past born of mad words, and that he lived, lived and enjoyed and worshipped.

"It is divine! I can say no more. I can say nothing!" he said, when she had finished.

"It is my favorite," she said.

"And mine," he added.

"Will you play for me now, Mr. Marvin."

Eustace made no reply, but when she rose from the piano stool, took her place and began a wild and yet wonderful dance tune. It was a dance minuet played by the old time gavotte, in which were many delicious phrase, and many caprices of time and tune.

It was the waltz Eustace had heard in his trance, played in Egea by the spirit orchestra.

The melody had been running in his memory ever since.

When it came to an end, Gertrude exclaimed with fervor, "I recognise it! I recognise it!"

This astonished Eustace, who said, "Is it possible, Miss Southgate? I imagined I had invented it or heard it in a dream."

"It was in a dream that I heard it," answered Gertrude, speaking at the young man's too steady and riveted gaze upon her. He looked at her with his wild eyes and said:

"It is but a pleasantry! The ghost of a tune! It is by the proper place only in dreams. But are you serious, Miss Southgate? Have you heard it before?"

"I have. I have not only heard it, but can play it by heart."

Eustace was wonder stricken at her words. This strange air which no mortal had ever heard before, this sweet woman knew by heart! "Has she composed it?" question in her, and can she read my musical thoughts?" he asked himself, as he left the piano in a maze of perplexity and yielded the instrument to her.

"Please play it, I beg of you do," he entreated, eagerly, as she ran her fingers over the keys. "For I always imagined you a sorceress, and surely you can interpret my dream music. I know you can."

She played the waltz perfectly.

He was astounded. Was this a trick of memory? To be sure he had played it first, and she might have caught the melody and echoed it. But no, she played it even better than Eustace had done, putting into it certain orchestral effects of chords, which brought to his mind vividly the sublime orchestra in the hanging garden led by the master Meudelssohn. He seemed to be lost as this music went on. He was surely in the fourth satellite of Saturn again and not on earth. He became more convinced of this when, to his utter awe, he heard her play the hymn he had heard in Egea, the magnificent hymn of worship, the sound of which brought back to him the whole scene he had passed through—the brilliant picture, the sea, the wondrous flowers, the white temples, the happy and gaily attired crowd—the balloons and pinnacles, the hanging gardens, the orchestra! "Yes, here before him was Elama—his guide—Elama, his twin soul!—the woman of his dreams and of his waking—his immortal companion! Not so, the vision faded as speedily as it came. The music ceased, and Eustace was aware of Gertrude's sad and glorious eyes turned full upon his face, and there was a silence in the little parlor, which to him was maddening.

Mrs. Burdette broke the silence by remarking:

"It is a very nice piece indeed."

Gertrude smiled and replied, "Do you really think so, Mrs. Burdette? It is rather wild, is it not?"

"I like such music," said Mrs. Burdette; in fact, any music at all, from the jingle of a hand organ to the crash of a military band was welcome to her. But Gertrude's performance had no significant transcendental meaning for Mrs. Burdette, as it had for Eustace, who seemed nervously eager for it to continue. With a sigh that was audible to the others he said "I could listen all night to such renditions! I would ask you to play that again, Miss Southgate, but that I fear of worrying you. It was so poignant a reminiscence of pleasure that I fain would hear it over and over again. But I will not trouble you now."

"Oh! I'm sure I am not the least weary. I will play it again. Shall I?"

"Please, do."

When she had closed the final strains of this weird piece of music, Eustace exclaimed rapturously:

"Magnificent! magnificent! It affects me so strangely and yet so happily! Many thanks, Miss Southgate—tell me, is the piece original?"

"No, no!" she laughed; "it is a dream fugue that I vaguely remember. I am no composer of original pieces, I assure you. Women never are. They drum all day and half the evening, and have the best masters, but there has yet to be a great composer among the sex. That piece I've just finished I call the 'Hymn of Worship'—why, I hardly guess."

The wonder of her words exceeded that of her performance. This was his woman guide in truth! Ah! he was burning to reveal himself and his trance, and to beg a revelation from her, so frenzied he became, so utterly lost to the things around him for the moment.

He was on the point of actually speaking his thoughts to her, and repeated the words of the mystic letter—when the voice of the servant was heard saying:

"The gentleman's horse is here, ma'am!"

This matter of fact announcement broke into his reverie, and he arose with a strange abruptness and moved to the door.

"Good night!" he exclaimed with a bow to the ladies. Then addressing Gertrude, he said: "I hope Miss Southgate I may have the bliss of hearing your improvisitations again."

"Thank you—you are too kind, Mr. Marvin. But I sincerely hope the pleasure of this evening may be repeated. You have so much to tell me concerning the stars. You know you promised me a visit to your friend's observatory."

"I am at your service at any and all times, Miss Southgate. Mrs. Burdette, I thank you for a very agreeable evening."

"You must come very soon. My sunsets, you know, are so luminous and enjoyable."

"Oh, Mr. Marvin!" interpolated Gertrude, "could you favor me with the music of that waltz you played. I only know it from memory."

"With the greatest pleasure," replied Eustace. "You shall have it in the morning."

"Oh, thank you."

Eustace had no written music of this supernal melody—but he determined to write it soon as he remembered it and send it or rather bring it to her the next day.

"I would like a fair exchange for the piece," he said. "I must confess I have not have the notes of the Hymn of Worship."

"Unfortunately it is not written. I told you it was only a memory."

"I wish I could remember it then! As it is, you must interpret it for me. Good night!"

"Good night," she answered—thrilling him with a touch of her hand as he extended his.

"Can you find your way?" asked Mrs. Burdette.

"Easily—thank you!"

"I don't know about that!" she answered. "There is a thick overgrowth of trees down by the lake and you might lose the road. I'll send a man with a lantern."

"I beg of you do no such thing, Mrs Burdette. Please do not. Upon my word I am not alarmed here. I must make a break or I'll never get off." He walked out on to the piazza, followed by the two ladies and mounted his horse, which was standing near by.

"You reject the lantern then," cried Mrs. Burdette, as the animal shocked into the road.

"I'll find my again father!" either down that will answer my purpose, thank you. Good night."

"Good night," said the ladies.

Eustace trotted down the road at a rapid pace, and at one good wide of the copse began about a hundred yards from the house, he came near running over somebody, who, with a slight scream, darted past him and vanished. He could not detect who it was, but felt suspected very strongly that it was none other than Mrs. Tendrie.

CHAPTER XV
A RHAPSODY.

Eustace Marvin had no difficulty in finding his way out of Burdette's. He knew his home when he reached the clear road and fell to musing. The bliss of his trance had been eclipsed by the reality of that hour in the garden. Did he recognise the fugue as that of his dream? No. He was on the point of doing so when the conversation was directed for a moment to some topic regarding the stars, and he thought it was not the time. He was right just then. It would indeed have seemed too childish and trivial a thing to engage the attention of such a goddess. In fact the actuality of the present to his weak mind like that of the ground of Juno was more like a dream—a dream so brief as it was blissful—than a waking truth. Yet which of these was the dream? Eustace had been palpably face to face with the reality of all his surroundings in Egea—whereas in the garden of Burdette's the circumstances affected him only as a dream within a dream, the tenuous romance of a vision. And so on his way home he kept himself to himself. "Have I really been in the presence of that noble woman, or am I awakening now from a dream of her? It cannot be that I was so blessed as to hear her talk with her—except in a dream."

It was about nine o'clock when he reached Newton. Joe took the horse, and Eustace sauntering, still in reverie the most happy, came upon St. Jean, who was pacing the veranda—cigar in mouth as usual—and muttering to himself as he walked nervously up and down.

"Hello, boy!" he cried to Eustace.

"Well, Doctor, I'm here at last."

"By Jove, Eustace, I've got something to tell you. By the bye, how have you spent the evening? Jolly, I suppose! How's that Tendrie woman and Mrs. Burdette, and all the rest of the puppets?"

"They all were puppets to me, except one; all shadows, except one—and she looked lovelier than ever?"

"How, whether this was dropped from the pocket of the assistant or whether from somebody else's pocket, remains to be discovered. It's a curious clue and may not amount to anything. Still, my boy, we must not neglect trifles."

"Miss Sloss this veiled?"

"Yes. He procured it from the policeman who found it. I am going to see Jacob to-morrow morning, and I want you to go with me."

"Certainly, Doctor. But what in the world do you expect to discover? If Jacob had discovered anything of value, he would have done so of course. Spies will get into trouble himself if he don't look sharp."

"No fear on that score, my boy. He's widely awake. He's a character, I assure you, and one of the best men for newspaper work I ever knew. He's apt to swagger and take a drop too much now and then, but he's solid. No temptation would induce him to sacrifice what he has to solve. Now what I want you to do in this case is to help me in a very peculiar way. You are, as I suppose you already know, possessed of a curious clairvoyant power."

"Doctor I beg of you—"

"Do not interrupt me, dear boy. I am scientific. We understand each other and surely you will do what you can to help me now, I know. I am thoroughly convinced that you could in a certain way read this hieroglyph, if you were in a condition of trance. That trance can be induced by mesmeric influence. It remains for me to test whether I possess the quality of influencing your mind sufficiently to enable me to control you. If so, well and good, if not, some other person would."

"You may take my silver with friend at the idea," said Eustace. "I'm clairvoyant—I am somnerist. You are jesting!"

"You are, my dear fellow, depend upon it. Ever since I've been convinced that strange letter from an unknown world; ever since your swoon, your dreamy, your wonderful trance, I have become convinced that you possess the subtle gift of spiritual insight. You were not dreaming when you saw Egea, the fourth satellite of Saturn. You moved there in reality, in spiritual reality. You were spiritually present in that distant orb, as I told you before, and now I am thoroughly convinced that you are able to aid me in the good cause. Let me try my experiments?"

Eustace became very pale. He took up a fan from the table and began to use it vigorously, for the heat of the apartment seemed evidently to oppress him.

"Doctor, I know you are serious, and therefore I appeal to you. My nerves are in a shattered state—do not wanton with them."

"What is that, my boy! Do not wanton! And I cruel? Tell me."

"No, no, but I cannot bear this strain of excitement."

"There will be no excitement. I will merely make a few passes of my hand—and you will sink into a condition of passive tranquility. Your mind alone will be active. Actively obedient to my desire—to my will. Shall I essay it?"

"Proceed," said Eustace, hurling the fan upon the floor with a nervous fling. "I am ready."

The doctor arose from where he had been sitting, and advanced to Eustace.

"Eustace, my boy, look at me. Bring your eyes full upon me. That it. Now!"

Joan made a varying motion with his right hand before his pupil's face. After a few of such wild flourishes. Eustace's eyes closed, a sigh escaped from him, and he sank back upon the cushion of the chair, and he appeared in a condition similar to that of a person under the influence of mesmeric sleep.

The doctor shuddered to think of the terrible power he wielded; in that awful moment he felt that he would do everything but give up his loved power. "Great heavens!" he murmured, "let me not be tempted to abuse this influence. I can control his very will! I can chain him to me, my slave!"

"Eustace, my boy," he said, speaking very softly and tenderly to the trances young man. "Can you tell me what you see?"

"I see!" responded the sleeper in a low voice. "I see the form of one I love. Elami! Oh, to mem me—she is weeping. No—pshaw! a shad body wrapped in a sheet. I see a man now coming to look at the body."

"Can you describe him?"

"No. I would know him again though. He is a small man with a black beard, black eyes. There is a ring on his finger—a red cornelian. There come two other men and follow him out. They have gone."

"Describe the other men."

"No—we was a very large stout man, with a red face and gray moustache. The other was a dark complexioned man—a dark that he appears to me to be a half breed or a negro."

"Large stout man, with a red face and gray moustache."

"Yes. They have all gone now."

The Doctor trembled at the recollection of Windthirn's description of the man he met in the beer saloon.

"You can hear me. What do you see now?"

"I see a woman, talking to a man in a carriage. I recognise her, and yet I cannot name her. Wait a moment. I may be able to tell you her name. I have seen her at Burdette's."

"Burdette's?" said the Doctor excitedly. "Tell me who she is, you remember don't you?"

"Yes, yes! I remember now very well. It is the attendant of Mrs. Tendrie. It is the girl named Templeton, I think."

"Fury!" cried the Doctor. "What does this revelation mean—what is she doing?"

I cannot see now. They have gone. I see nothing now but a vague landscape."

"Do you see no persons?"

"None. Yes, yes! there appears now a solitary woman. She looks at me. For God's sake, Doctor, waken me!"

"Who is she, who is she?" asked the Doctor.

I dare not tell. She threatens me! She looks so horrible. For God's sake, waken me!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

"AMBITION."

BY GEORGE GORDON.

Where devils mankind, wherever he may rule,
Have found some fatal flaw a part of his estate;
Her learned in ways by rote in any school,
Ambition is the weakness of the great.
Alike it burns within the breasts of all
The vanquish'd, a queen or a captive maid;
On earth one only truth rings true for the thought,
The blindly still which clings to the blade.
To them a certainty; though others fail,
Success will crown them at the end the goal.
In the yet distant future on their brow
Their names they do behold red, and on Fame's record
Their names they do behold emblazoned now.
In the forest still the thorn must be attack'd,
For those they triumph, or no triumph have they.
Nor breaks friendships they may ne'er regain,
But find too late, when time has passed away,
That roses hide within still the thorns remain.

The Dean's Daughter.

BY MARGUERITE.

I was an only child. My father was a wood-carver in Nuremberg, where my childish days were spent. I was the one child of my parents' lives, for of several children I alone survived infancy. I had no wish ungratified, and I ruled the little household with an absolutely despotic sway.

Our house was rich with the quaint carvings belonging to a bygone age. The doorway was my favorite nook; the wide shutter stops, bordered with figures of strange device, and sheltered by a high pointed roof, formed a delightful shelter for my childish games—even in stormy weather, when the favorite, for the time being, of my playmates frequently held his court in the King Solomon at the top of the steps, and I, in some old brocade in my mother's wardrobe, played the Queen of Sheba to my heart's content.

When I was about twelve years old, an event occurred which changed the current of my ideas, and was the first ripple in the still waters of the life that had hitherto flowed so smoothly.

It was winter, and doors and windows were fast closed to exclude the biting wind that that howled round the house, and snow flakes were falling thick and fast. Even the evening twilight with a thick mantle. I had watched them till it grew too dark to see, and at last my mother's gentle summons to our evening meal came.

My father had just come in from the workshop, where most of his days were passed; an expression of rest and calm came over his tired face as he drew his chair to the well spread board.

"Wife, I am thankful for this warm home to-night. The storm is rising; Heaven help all those who have no roof to shelter them!"

My gentle mother sighed, and I missed long ever his words.

"Father," I said suddenly, "you said just now there were some who had no roof to cover them; when I am rich, I will build a great house to hold them all;" and quite satisfied with this solution of the difficulty, I went on with my tea.

Was that the cry of the wind that wailed so sadly in the tempest without? I listened again. My mother, earnestly talking, did not appear to hear it. Again that wailing cry! I could hear it no longer, and slipping from my chair, I stepped softly along the dark passage, unbarred the front door, and peered into the night.

On the topmost step, sheltered from the snow, lay a small white bundle, which I carefully lifted. It was rather heavy, and half afraid, I knew not why, I brought it in my arms to the fire, and placed it in my mother's lap, telling her in few words what had happened. She hastily unwound the light shawl that wrapped it, and within lay a beautiful baby boy about two years old. A paper was pinned on the breast of his little frock, and those words, in English, were written there—my mother who was of English birth translated them:

"Strangers, one who is desolate and forlorn craves your charity for her own child. For the sake of the Holy Child Jesus take him in and let him be a son to you such have no son. When this is read by you, I shall be far away, and pursuit will be of no avail. The child is named Carl. You will never hear of me again on this earth."

My father sprang to the door and after a few moments' absence returned with anger on his face.

"Wife," he said, "we will not have this beggar-child thrust on us in this way; give him to me that I may deliver him up to the proper authorities at once."

He stretched out his hands to take the child, but all at once he drew back, and his countenance changed as he saw the tears running down my mother's pale cheeks; he knew that her thoughts were with the little one whom no whose narrow bed the snow was lying lightly.

"Nay, Frantz," she said, "let us, as the poor mother says, keep this little one; we have surely enough and to spare."

"Mother," I burst in, in my impetuous way, "let me keep him; he is my own—I found him—and I will be such a good sister to him."

With a smile my mother put the infant in my arms.

"Take him, then, Gretchen, and be a true sister to him; and Heaven will give thee thy woman child," she said, adopting the sage language which fell so often from her lips.

I took him gravely from her, and kissed his kissed brow. He looked smilingly in my face, and as I gazed at him I felt my heart swell with love, deep and new and wonderfully tender.

Life was changed to me from that hour—a new object of affection was created, and I know my mother was glad that the self-denial and consideration for another which the care of the infant involved was beneficial to me. I had been accustomed to the full amount of indulgence usually the prerogative of an only child. By his extraordinary fondness for me the baby Carl taught me to love and care for I involved on him; he was happy with no one else, and when he could run he would never leave me.

Sixteen years passed by. I was then twenty-eight years old, and Carl eighteen.

I was not particularly handsome, but I inherited my mother's slim and lithe figure and a profusion of golden hair which hung in curl. My cheeks were of the natural rosiness of health, and my mother's fond fancy had made her often call me her "love in a mist."

Carl was a delicately-made boy, his figure elegant, and his hands remarkably beautiful. His complexion was pale, his eyes were large and dark, and shaded by long lashes which gave a softness to the face the brow was wide and lofty, and covered with curling dark hair, as soft and fine as silk. It was a countenance sparkling with intelligence, and, once seen, could never be forgotten. Only short-sighted people could have failed to see that on the old harpsichord melodies of an original character, sometimes quaint and weird, and at others sublime. He had not much knowledge of the rules of music, but it made no difference. he had received was from an old musician who occasionally visited my parents; but his native genius showed itself in the wonderful harmonies which he was almost unconscious of his proficiency in the divine art.

Our education had been chiefly conducted by my mother herself a well-educated woman. She had taught me to read and write English as readily as our native tongue—for she was one of those thrifty who had settled in Nuremberg from their native town. Carl, although he had many masters, was left to himself for the most part for quick and ardent mind had [illegible] and [illegible] our host hospitality.

[illegible] on the broad steps of the old porch. I with some elaborate needlework, and Carl in the step below me copying some music. We had been silent a long time—that pleasantly silence possible only in a sincere intimacy such as ours. Carl broke the spell.

"Gretchen," he said, suddenly, "I know that my father and mother would be glad to see you. I am sure they would be very much pleased if they knew how kind you have been to their boy. I wish you would come home with me."

"Well, I must to play the organ. You know a harpsichord and spinet are all very well for beginners and for women—your mother, Gretchen—but you will agree with me that they are only little princes, while the organ is monarch of all. I shall never be content until I can play it; the I had. I have the power if I only knew how to use it. I am afraid it would be an expensive thing for my father, but I must do something for myself, and you know I can do nothing in wood-carving, and I cannot live idle at home all my days. The object of my ambition is to play on the church organ; for, were I able to accomplish that feat, an honorable and lucrative career would lie before me."

Here Carl paused, half out of breath, and I looked in astonishment at the ambitious boy at my feet—for, quiet and calm as I was, I could scarcely comprehend the cravings of his eager, restless soul.

"Nay, Gretchen," he resumed, "I know what you would say—how I may live, if I choose, all my days eating the bread of idleness; but that I cannot do. You must not think, my sister, that I would be content to be rousing my disengaged hand, "that I want to leave you—for I never mean to do that; but you know every man must work, and I among the rest, and you surely would not have your boy a beggar in the field," he said, smiling in his winning way into my face.

I stooped and kissed him, and after a little further conversation we agreed to broach the subject to my father on the first convenient opportunity. That opportunity, alas, never came, for the first great sorrow of our lives was at hand, which put an end to all our schemes, although we lived on for some time as usual, unconscious of the near approach of the Dark Angel, whose noiseless footsteps was after the lapse of many years again to cross our happy threshold.

It was in the month of August, the heat was almost insupportable, the air was as the breath of a furnace, and in the lower parts of the city sprang rumors were afloat of the appearance of cholera. We did not as yet feel any alarm, for in our neighborhood of large and well-built houses we felt comparatively secure, and we knew best little of the misery of the peril.

One night, when I was restlessly tossing to and fro, trying to win a little sleep, the door softly opened, and my mother, looking pale in the bright moonlight, stole quietly to my bedside.

"Gretchen, my dearest, you are awake?" she whispered, in a low, hurried voice. "Your father is very ill."

I sprang up at once.

"Mother," I cried, "I hope it is not cholera?"

"I do not know, my child, but I must not wait."

I hastily followed her to my father's room, where the doctor had already arrived. I remained outside, and in a few minutes my mother came out.

"Run home to hear it, Gretchen? It is the cholera, and in its worst form."

Over the anguish of the next few days I must draw a veil; enough to say that in one short week I was deeply orphaned, and left with my adopted brother alone in the world.

* * * * * * *

Carl and I were obliged to leave the house we had loved so well for, when my father's affairs were all settled, there was found to be only a slender provision for me, and only by the most careful economy could Carl and I contrive to live together.

We removed to a small lodging in a less expensive part of the town, taking with us a little of our old furniture, and Carl's beloved harpsichord. My fingers were nimble, and I could embroider skilfully. I speedily found employment in working for the wives of those wealthy burghers who had known me in more prosperous days, and by these means I added to our frugal store.

My chief anxiety was now for my boy, my poor Carl. He was compelled to be idle, for his knowledge of music, like a vein of gold, had never been thoroughly worked; there lay the rich ore, but I was powerless to procure the necessary implements to utilize it. No word of complaint ever passed his patient lips, but I could read the pale lips great little, and a wistful longing look gather in the dark, sad eyes till I could endure it no longer, and in desperation asked him to remain at home while I went to the organ-builder's to see if I could get any employ.

As soon as I had finished my errand I went to the house of Herr Bader, one of the first musicians of the city, and organist of the great church, the organ of which was Carl's highest ambition to play. He was at home and I was shown into a lofty room half filled with music and a small organ. Herr Bader was an old man, with a gentle face and bright animated eyes.

In few words I told him my business, and asked him to be good enough to inform me what his terms were for teaching the organ, and if he thought one who could play on so fine an instrument as his could hope to gain a living by his art.

He smiled at my request.

Your friend, Fraulein, if he has some knowledge of pipe-organs, will soon find that it is a matter of course, become a proficient, but it must depend on his own exertions; if he is able to master that glorious instrument, I see no reason why a brilliant and profitable career should not lie before him."

As I walked slowly home I glanced at the card of the professor's terms which lay in my hand. The sum set forth was far beyond my slender means, and my heart fell as I felt the barrier that poverty raised. But I was never easily daunted, and I could not resolve to give up all hope, though I felt inclined to despair as I pondered the amount, which was trifling in itself but overwhelming to me.

As my weary feet mounted the steep staircase, I heard the sound of Carl's fingers in the air on the harpsichord. I paused at the open door, and looked into the room. The sunlight poured through the open window across the small floor, and fell on the forlorn that were piled. One my fell on Carl's handsome head; his profile was half turned towards me, and a look of dreamy happiness was on the boy's face as he played the most wonderful melody that I had ever heard. The tears impulsively rose to my eyes as I listened, but I passed on to my room without disturbing him.

Carl, as usual, could read that evening as I worked, but not a word of what he read was intelligible to me, so wrapped up was I in my sad and puzzled thoughts. Once in my own room at night I took the money I had received, and opened the little cabinet that contained my few trinkets, and handled them as eagerly as a miser would his gold. No, there was not one of sufficient value to be converted into money. The silver necklace of my childish days, and the coral and earrings of later years, and my mother's ring, were all that I possessed.

In despair I turned to the mirror to arrange my long hair for the night. As I gazed at myself for a moment, a sudden thought struck me, and I hastily unfastened the armor that confined the thick curls, and shook them down. They fell around me to the knee in rich profusion, quite covering me in their golden mantle.

I looked under kind of gaudy satisfaction at my flowing treasure, for the idea that had flashed on me I resolved at once to act upon. The next morning my eyes were heavy and by daybreak head ached, and my limbs felt weary, fully accounting my rebellious wish, I sat, after dressing, back and to breakfast with Carl. "Gretchen," he said, suddenly, "where is your father and mother would be all ideal—I mean, if they were both very much younger? I have often wished that I had a father and mother like you."

"Well, I must to play the organ. You know a harpsichord and spinet are all very well for beginners and for women—your mother, Gretchen—but you will agree with me that they are only little princes, while the organ is monarch of all. I shall never be content until I can play it; the I had. I have the power if I only knew how to use it. I am afraid it would be an expensive thing for my father, but I must do something for myself, and you know I can do nothing in wood-carving, and I cannot live idle at home all my days. The object of my ambition is to play on the church organ; for, were I able to accomplish that feat, an honorable and lucrative career would lie before me."

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"

PAPA'S LETTER.

I was sitting in my study,
Writing letters, when I heard,
"Please, dear mamma, may I write to
Mamma Rosalie?" her letter?"

"But I've tired of the kitty.
Want some other thing to do.
Bring letters, or no, mamma,
Can't I write a letter, too?"

"Not now, darling, mamma's busy;
You will play with kitty, dear."
"No, no mamma, me write letter—
Then if'on will share me here."

I thought I would paint my darling's portrait
As she sweet eyes searched my box—
Half of gold and quill pen drawer,
Pieces of children, wishing grace.

But the eager face was clouded,
As I softly put my hand,
Till I said, "I'll make a letter
Of you, my darling boy, instead."

So I parted back the tresses
From his forehead high and white,
And a name to spell I guessed,
Mid the waving of golden light.

Then I said, "Now little letter,
Go away and bear good news."
And I smiled to see her dimples
Flattered load the little shoes.

Leaving me the darling hurried
Down to Mary in the hall:
"Mamma's writing lots of letters;
I'm a letter, too, mamma!"

No one heard the little prattle,
As once more he climbed the stair,
Reached his little chair and tipped,
Standing on the entry stair.

No one heard the front door open,
No one saw the baby form
As it floated o'er his shoulders
In the crisp October morn.

Down the street the baby hastened
Till he reached the office door.
"I've a letter, Mr. Postman,
Is there room for any more?

"Guess the letter's dein' to papa.
Papa lives with God above;
Mamma sent me for a letter.
Does 'oo think I'll do it?"

Put the clerk in wonder answered,
"Not today, my little man."
Then I'll find some other place,"
Quoth I must go if I can."

Pain the clerk would have detained him,
But the pleading face was gone,
And the little feet were hastening—
By the busy crowd swept on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted,
People fled to left and right,
As a pair of maddened horses
Of that moment dashed in sight.

No one saw the baby figure—
No one saw the golden hair,
Till a scream of frightful keenness
Rang out on the autumn air.

'Twas too late—a moment only
Stood the horses over child there,
Then the little face lay lifeless,
Covered o'er with ghastly hair.

Reverently they raised my darling,
Brushed away the curls of gold;
Saw the mangled form enfolded,
Growing now so icy cold.

Not a mark the face disfigured,
Showing where a hoof had trod;
But the little life was ended—
"Papa's letter" was with God.

"Mistaken Identity," or Expiation.

I.

"Why is your brow so clouded, dear George? I hardly ever see a smile now on your bonny face, and even darling baby's happy crow of delight, as she clambers up to your knee and arms can hardly conjure up a sympathetic gleam of April sunshine to dispel its settled gloom. How is this, my husband? There is some trouble, some weighing heavily on your mind, which I might lighten if you would only let me share it with you. Do tell me, dearest, what is the matter, and I am sure it would soon be cleared away from your mind, and I should feel so much happier during my few days visit now to Lady Sterling, if you were to tell me."

"Nothing is the matter, Annie; nothing whatever. I assure you there is really nothing the matter with me. Let me dance baby in my arms, and you can see with your own eyes and hear with your own ears how brightly I can smile and how cheerfully crow in unison with her." And he took the baby, a sweet little infant of about a twelve-month, out of her mother's arms, and tossed her up and down in the air, his handsome face wreathed with smiles, and his loud and apparently joyous laugh resounding through the room. But a searching physiognomist and sharp observer might easily have detected behind this assumed mask of smiles an almost uncontrollable agony of heart-grief, and discordant notes of despair striving to escape from the unwonted gayety unbidden into the very midst of this counterfeited glee.

"I feel so relieved, and am so truly glad, she cried, "to see you smile once more, at least once more, dearest. Yet I cannot altogether banish the thought from my mind that there is something you are hiding from me. I am almost afraid to say what I have been thinking, George."

"Afraid to say to me what you have been thinking?" he interrupted hastily, turning deadly pale, "and, Annie, what is it that you have been thinking," he continued, with barely concealed anxiety.

"Why, darling," she replied, hesitatingly, painfully conscious that the unwonted gayety of simple innocent remark seemed to have produced, "I have been thinking it might be something in connection with your uncle that was causing your trouble and anxiety."

"Oh, is that all, dearest Annie?" he cried, evidently considerably relieved. "Why, what can possibly make you think that Uncle Charles could ever cause me any trouble? Poor Uncle Charles, indeed!" he continued, with a half-forced laugh. "Nothing has been heard of him for a very long time. Some twenty-seven months or more have now run once accidentally at Bristol, when he electinately refused even to shake hands, cut short all attempts which father made to speak to him, and declined all intercourse or correspondence. He had a little boy with him at the time, a pretty child of three or four, whom he called Harry, and whom father presumed to be his son. What has become of him, and what ever put the boy's head! I have always been curious about this, even with you, Annie. I have seen your father many and many a time shed bitter tears over his brother's unjust and harrassing hatred; but I thought it an unspeakable theme to discuss. You may guess, then, how much more difficult I must find it now to imagine what could possibly have led you to your curious supposition."

"Really, I am sure I do not know, George, how the idea occurred to me. Maybe it was your exalted avoidance of any allusion to this mysterious theme that made me think of it now in connection with your trouble, exciting my woman's curiosity. But what was the cause of your uncle's enmity to your father? Can you tell me?"

"Uncle Charles was grandfather's eldest son, who was to have succeeded him as manager of Sterling's Bank. And I wish from my heart" (with a deep sigh) "that he had—but never mind that now. Unfortunately, he fell in love with a lass of low degree—a servant in grandfather's house, in fact—and he married her in spite of his father's prohibition and remonstrance. The old man, stern and unrelenting, cast him off; and father, the second son, who had originally been intended for the Church, took his place, and succeeded to grandfather on his death-bed. Uncle had left London after his marriage. It would appear that he went to Bristol. Here his wife died about a year after, in giving birth to a boy. Under the oppression of his heavy sorrows, made heavier still by straitened pecuniary, he wrote to father, entreating him to act as mediator between him and his offended parent, for his innocent child's sake, and to send him some aid and comfort in his trouble. "He received no answer. He wrote again and again, with the same distressing result. At last a reply was sent by his father, professing to be written with the brother's full concurrence, sternly commanding him not to trouble the family again, and telling him that any further correspondence would be more than useless, as all letters would in future be returned unopened. When grandfather was on his death-bed, the unforgiving old man confessed to father that he had not suppressed the letters which unhappy Charles had written. It was too late then, for more than twelve years had passed since the accidental meeting at Bristol, and no one knew what had become of poor Uncle Charles. He ought to have known father better than to believe that he could possibly ever be actuated by a despicable motive of selfishness to stand between him and his father's forgiveness. Had he only been willing to listen to the words of father's at that Bristol meeting, all might have been changed for the better. But it was not to be. Charles swore undying hate to his brother, and they never met again in life. I am afraid, dear, we come of a stiffnecked, stubborn race. Father was an exception, and so am I, perhaps."

"Well, George dear, I am truly grieved for your poor Uncle Charles still I must say that he was wrong from the beginning, and am selfish enough to rejoice that things have turned out as they have. Why, you see, had it been otherwise—had you been the banker now instead of you, and I doubt me much whether old Sir Robert and young Mr. Sterling would like him half as much as they do you, my own darling Uncle Charles still I repeat, dote on you. When Sir Robert and Lady Sterling came here the day before yesterday to invite me and the lady down to their place, Sir Robert said to me these very words: 'Mrs. Arndale, your husband is a rare jewel. We rely upon him as upon ourselves, and we leave the whole and sole management of our affairs in his hands. We know that we can do it with the utmost safety and confidence. Indeed, George Arndale's equal is not to be found.' But here is Sir Robert's carriage coming I think.

An elegant carriage came rolling up to the door of the villa, where it stopped. The footman got down to give the usual rat-tat.

"Now hand me baby, dear," said Mrs. Arndale, who was fully equipped for an outing. "The darling will be delighted with the drive Mind, George, you come up yourself with the trap on Thursday evening to fetch me home. Good-by, my own George, till then, and take care of yourself, darling.

When the carriage had disappeared round the corner of the lane, George Arndale re-entered the house. He threw himself upon the sofa, and buried his face in his hands.

"O my God!" he moaned, "O my God! how will this end? How can it end but in my utter destruction? I am undone—undone in honor of all I hold dear? What demon must have possessed me? what Satan must have tempted me? Fifteen thousand pounds engulphed! All gone—clean gone! hundreds after hundreds, thousands after thousands! Yet it looked all such plain sailing, such certain success. And now, ruin, disgrace, death, the prison, the felon's cell—to God that my death might only avail to spare the innocent—my poor darling Annie, and that other sweet unconscious life of mine. Oh, that I might recall the hours of the past! but what is done is done. Fifteen thousand pounds are clean gone, and I am a vile felon; but not another penny —ay, were it even to promise me a fair chance of escape from prison. The shillings shall know at least that I was not wholly and irretrievably lost. Oh, that the Almighty would but vouchsafe to show unto me some way out from this terrible strait—some way to leave the innocent unpunished for my sore offense, and to rescue the bright old name of the Arndales from the stain of dishonor cast upon it by a single unworthy member in seven generations of honest men and true! The inevitable end is drawing near. Even to-morrow the fifteen thousand pounds are demanded at my hands; and then—and then! O merciful Father in Heaven, in Thine infinite goodness and grace show Thou me a way out of this labyrinth of despair—a way to spare my innocent wife, my sainted daughter, my poor uncle and cousin, the fearful agony of discovering my utter worthlessness!"

George Arndale was head cashier in the old banking-house of the Sterlings. For generations past the Arndales, from father to son, had been cashiers to the Sterlings. The trust reposed in them had always been unlimited, and it continued so now, to the extent even that the present heads of the firm, old Sir Robert and Mr. Robert Sterling, his only son, left the whole management of the business entirely to George, who was invested with authority to sign for the firm. Young Sterling was in Scotland just then, and the old baronet hardly ever stirred from his country seat in Kent, to which he and Lady Sterling had just invited Mrs. Arndale to pass a few days with her baby.

In an evil hour George, seeing with what apparent ease large fortunes were being made in the city by financial speculation, had essayed to woo Fortune with the small capital left him by his father and his wife's dower, some £5,000 in all. The stern lessons of unpalatable facts attune, and Fortune is invariably a fickle jade.

His own capital was soon exhausted, yet he hesitated to give way to the fearful temptation which assailed him to speculate with the funds entrusted to his hands. However, what might have been foreseen came to pass. He borrowed £500 from the cash-box entrusted to his keeping. Success attended the first loan was embarked, and which seemed most promising, indeed, turned out a veritable fatal lure. He then tried another, equally promising, of course, which ended worse than the first. And so, from speculation to speculation, from failure to failure, he found himself ere three months were gone, a defaulter to the extent of £15,000 in the very firm that was in the bank by a customer, who had the day before intimated to the Messrs. Sterling, or rather to George Arndale, their manager, that he should want that sum of money the next week in fact, birds of the same plumage morality, or rather immorality; both equally unprincipled, unscrupulous, and remorseless in the pursuit of their ends. Such was Wyland's ruin. Gayety of heart, lost had, of course, dropped his intimacy. However he had given him a few pounds to go to London, so that he should be rid of him.

Wyland was certainly supplanting the people with more wit than he could pretend to; so he was making a very poor living of it indeed. Henry had known him raised upon the shoulders of the people, and then dashed down to the metropolis to try and live upon his wits, after having dissipated a handsome fortune in the vilest debauchery. In York he had been a fast young man, and in London he was one

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
PHILADELPHIA
1821
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1877
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SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 9, 1877.

THE GENIUS OF ROBERT BROWNING.

The works of the distinguished literateur of England who bears this name, and who is known to the world at large, probably more famously as the husband of Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, than as a great original psychological poet, are a worthy subject for the student of true literary art.

Robert Browning is a far finer and more profound writer, and a keener analyst of human nature than his wife. He is a poet par excellence, and as such is recognized by the higher circles of criticism in Great Britain. His art is thoroughly dramatic, yet not "stagey." The "Blot on the Escutcheon" is a powerful drama, yet it would signally fail on the stage. Still Robert Browning's poems, recited by an elocutionist who was thoroughly imbued with their spirit, would move the mass to enthusiasm. Especially is this true of his dramatic lyrics. Such poems as "Napoleon," "My Last Duchess," "In the Alchemist's Shop," "The Soliloquy in the Spanish Cloister," and "Easter Eve" are masterpieces of effect.

The Soliloquy in the Spanish Cloister is a weird and diabolical poem, in which the writer exults to gratify the malign feelings of a pinched monk at the misfortune of his brother friar. It must be read to be appreciated. It is subtle in parts and thoroughly dramatic.

The poem entitled "The Bishop orders his Tomb in St. Praxed's Church" is a wonderfully Shakespearian-like study, and hence must be read and studied to be fully understood.

Taking Robert Browning as an English poet, he seems to stand aloof from the average poets of the day. There is more fire, more Oriental color, more subtlety about him than his brother poets, and his works, though now read mostly by a narrow circle of art critics and art lovers, will nevertheless, in the hands of efficient interpreters, be very welcome to the reading public at large, and, as they say of Wagner's music, will be appreciated better in the next generation of more refined humanity than at present.

OUR FASHION COLUMN.

We would call the particular attention of our lady readers to the great advantages we propose to offer them through our "Fashion Column," as we intend to make it as complete a guide on that subject as that of any of the illustrated fashion journals. Although our space does not allow us the advantages of illustrations, we propose to furnish such general advice and graphic descriptions, of all that will constitute a reliable guide to a lady on the subject of her own and children's dress, as to make it equally vivid as an illustration would be.

The merits of the Saturday Evening Post need no word of recommendation, but with its additional advantages in containing a guide to ladies on the important subject of dress it will certainly increased in importance as a family journal, particularly as it is only for one-half the expense of general fashion journals.

Our weekly edition will give a faithful report of all the styles, materials, prices and novelties of fashion, and as we offer to send patterns, samples of goods, make purchases and answer all questions on the subject, we do not doubt that the many lady subscribers to the Post, particularly those who live away from the centre of such facilities, will gladly take advantage of them, offered through our 97 cushion Column."

A WORD OF ADVICE.

At this season, when so many young people go from the various large cities to spend their vacation in the country or at the watering-places, a word of advice may not be out of place, especially to such as love to bathe in the rivers, creeks or the ocean, or delight to indulge in sailing excursions.

Every year the newspapers, during the hot months, teem with accounts of drownings and various heart-rending accidents upon the water. Now, to ensure parties, used to swimming and sailing in rivers, creeks and the ocean, such accidents rarely occur, but there are also a number there, and to the thoughtless and inexperienced they are fraught with danger.

We would say to all young people, who, during the summer, may be induced to go in the direction of the great cities in order to enjoy the comforts of the country or seaside scenes for healthful recreation in the summer, be exceedingly careful in venturing either into or on the water.

In swimming, do not tarry too much upon your own skill and strength, but invariably have assistance at hand in case of cramps or other unforeseen happenings. It is well, also, to know the nature of the water courses into which you venture, the swiftness of the tide, and the composition of the bottom of the bathing place. It may seem absurd to take these precautions, but many a family has been bereft of loved ones through their neglect.

In sailing, never trust yourselves, no matter what experience you have had in an amateur way with boats and yachts, but always secure the services of some competent and well-informed waterman whose knowledge and skill can be depended upon in all cases of emergency.

If these matters were given the attention they should receive, there would be fewer clouds over the enjoyments of the summer vacation, and fewer empty places at the family board-s throughout the land. We say to all our youthful city readers, apply this word of advice to yourselves, and do your share to avert disaster and death.

OUR SANCTUM CHAT.

One of the main questions, now engrossing the attention of the manufacturers, merchants and industrial classes of the world, is whether or not the approaching Paris Exhibition will be delayed by the present European war and its complications. In Paris, however, the work of constructing the buildings for the great world's fair goes on without hindrance, which shows that the Exhibition authorities are determined to be fully prepared for the opening of the event. On this subject a recent letter from the French capital to the San Francisco Bulletin says "Should the war become general, of course our Exhibition must be postponed, and when will the Temple of Peace then open its gates? However, looking at the rapid progress of the works, there is no indication that wars or rumors of wars affect them. In addition to being able and ingenious, the architects and engineers are exact; every month they mark in advance the rate of progress that ought to be achieved, and their calculations are much surpassed. The foundations are completed and the over-ground walls are rising like Jonah's gourd. Much attention is being given to the approaches to the various sites. Some streets in the vicinity find themselves ruined, temporarily, and others promoted, provisionally, to vast importance."

A contemporary has the following interesting information in regard to the methods employed in silver-plating and smelting establishments for saving and recovering the debris obtained in the process of plating and smelting: "Workmen in silver-plating establishments are not allowed to keep their old clothes when they are worn out. An old tattered vest is valued at $20. Silver volatilizes when heated intensely, and much passes off in vapor and condenses again in a pure state. In Government assay offices the smelting of the crude metal throws off silver vapors, which rise and solidify in the soot in the chimney. A silver-plating concern in Fulton, Cuyahoga County, Ohio, having no Meriden, took up the first year of plating-room, burned it, and analyzed the ashes, obtaining $300 in pure silver."

A new method of settling our Indian difficulties has been proposed by a military officer of San Francisco, one Col. C. E. S. Wood. This individual has sent a communication to the Secretary of the Interior, offering to train any particular tribe of Indians for military duty. He says he will require the services of a few officers only as assistants, and he sees no necessity for troops of those na-tives. Troops cannot be kept in the army without further expense than that now incurred in keeping them on reservations. These conditions being complied with, he guarantees at the end of six months after commencement of training, he will march these Indians, by order of the Government, into the city of Washington, and encamp them before the representatives of the whole country, in order to fully convince them that he has made them friends of the people, proud of their organization, and ready to successfully compete with any military organization of the world. This plan might work wondrously well for a time, but could Captain McDonald, or anybody else guarantee to sufficiently rid the Indians of their wild notions and ideas of absolute freedom to keep them long in subjection to the strict rules of of military discipline? We think not, and are further of opinion that the training and arming of the aborigines would only amount to putting them in a better condition to resist the power of the Government and set our hairs at more complete variance with the present.

M. Edmond About, the author of those two very strange novels, "Le Roman de l'Oreille Casse" ("The Man with the Broken Ear,") and "Le Nez d'un Notaire" ("A Notary's Nose,") has rushed into print to praise Victor Hugo's latest poem, "L'Art d'etre Grandpere," ("The Art of Being a Grandsire,") and to condemn those wonderful creations of French genius, Emile Zola's "Assommoir," ("The Gregory,") and Edmond Gonconrt's "La Fille Elisa" ("The Girl Elisa.") He starts with a foundation of exaggeration, that Hugo's book has come just in time to rehabilitate France after the popularity of the two works just mentioned, and adds: "A sort of patriotic shame has prevented me from speaking to you of these two books which France has read with an unhealthy curiosity, and which the most elegant princesses of Petersburg devour as greedily as their fathers, the Cossacks of 1815, regaled themselves with the tallow of our candles." M. About admits that the French people have read "L'Assommoir" and "La Fille Elisa" with great eagerness, but he refrains from stating, in order to show the extent of that eagerness, that the last-named romance has now reached its twenty-ninth edition and the latter its eleventh. The fact is, that though these serious objections to both these novels exist, they are not to be numbered among the greatest works of fiction that France has produced for many years, not even excepting Alphonse Daudet's remarkable story, "Fromont Jeune at Risler Aine."

In Germany, the book-selling trade seems exceedingly anxious that their light shall not remain hidden under a bushel. From late accounts we learn that the "German Chamber of Bookselling, which has its headquarters at Leipsic, has decided to publish a general history of the book trade in Germany from its beginning. Between 1801 and 1830 there were about 250 booksellers in Germany; in 1840 their number had doubled. This includes dealers in both new and second-hand books. In 1864 the number was 2,859; in 1875 we estimated to be 5,560. As to the books published, the number in 1590 was 362; in 1750 it was 1,000; in 1840, 7,900; in 1875, 12,516, and last year, 13,356. The projected history will contain interesting particulars in reference to the gradual growth of the trade, with especial reference to the part of Frankfort, which was its first centre in Germany. Its transfer to Leipsic took place in 1765. The enterprising German booksellers should not be alone in the publication of this proposed trade history. Their example should be followed by the booksellers of France, England and the United States. An account of the rise and progress of the trade in this country would be especially interesting.

LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs. Harper & Bros., New York, have issued a highly entertaining illustrated book in the shape of "The Cruise of the Challenger," by J. Y. Sexay, R.N. [This work, which is elegantly published in large type, on fine white paper, adorned with a map and numerous artistic and interested engravings,gives, in an agreeable, chatty fashion, the details of the voyage of Her Britannic Majesty's corvette Challenger, which was placed in commission at Sheerness, Eng., Nov. 15, 1872, for the purpose of making scientific discovery and deep sea explorations in the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans, descending into the Southern and Antarctic Ocean as far as the ice would permit. The Challenger was placed in the disposal of a scientific staff under the direction of Professor Sir Chas. Wyville Thomson, C.B. The vessel was thoroughly stocked with all the necessary apparatus, and made its celebrated voyage with abundant success. The chief interest, both from a scientific and general public, in the work before us, centres in the various tracts and islands in pursuit of knowledge, which admits of the construction in this volume of the general outline of many interesting portions of nations rather rarely visited, and descriptions of scenery under every condition of temperature, from the fiery heat of the tropics to the eternal ice-bound Antarctic regions. The author of the present volume has spared no labor in the study of scientific data, intelligible only to the learned few, but simply states the results of the expedition in the most popular form of the day, and devotes the bulk of his narrative to a very lucid and fascinating description of scenes and incidents. It is a delightful relief to the mind, tired of curious and novel voyages to purchase the Cruise of the Challenger," and give it an attentive perusal. The work is complete in one volume, 12 mo. size, 368 pages, and is neatly bound in cloth. It will be found valuable for reference, and should be in the library of every student and professional writer.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. of this city have published "A Centennial Commissioner in Europe, by John W. Forney, editor of the Philadelphia Press. The work is made up of Col. Forney's letters, which, during his absence from this country, appeared, from time to time in the columns of the Press, and which are now collected and published in book form in obedience to an almost universal demand. Col. Forney is an observant traveler, and his letters form a most interesting and novel information. His reputation as a journalist and his position as a Centennial Commissioner opened to him access to circumstance into the highest society, and to many places closed to the majority of tourists, and hence it was in his power to fill his letters with valuable matter of a kind from that of which ordinary foreign correspondence is composed

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WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH HIM?

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

Author of a "Hosmela's Vow," "Wrong from the Cradle," "Husband or Wife," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 40, Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

IOLA'S CAPTIVITY.

The room into which Iola had been conducted by the strange lady who had received her on her entrance, was a high, octagonal one of unusual dimensions and proportions, and Iola glanced with a feeling of wonder and trepidation, first at her strange companion, and then at the various articles around her, and being too much exhausted from the various modes of travel, the fasting and excitement, to be able to stand longer, she advanced to the fire, and sank down upon a sofa before it.

"I hope you were astoundly alarmed by your long and dark ride?" asked the strange woman in her blandest accents.

"I was naturally alarmed, but not that I know of unduly so," replied Iola, in a voice which she endeavored to render calm. "I consider that it might be no small matter of anxiety to the bravest lady to be forcibly taken from a public road by masked ministers of violence and bloodshed, to be separated from the last of her friends, and to be taken in the night against her will, to a place and people of whom she knows nothing."

"Ah !" replied the woman, with a slight arching of her penciled brows. "You are disposed to be caustic, I see,—a quality, let me warn you, my dear, which is not generally admired by our lords of the opposite sex."

"As I have no lord, I may be permitted to indulge my humor unchecked," replied Iola. "But, madam, I might have imagined that I was not to consider the trespass upon your hospitality for the night I had you not used my name as I entered, thereby leading me to suppose that although I may be an entire stranger to your presence and doings, you were still cognizant of the lawless kidnapping by which I have been torn from some of my friends, and others have been murdered, and that you were specially here, or so much to my astonishment, even to-night."

"I did not know of your coming," answered the woman with a startled look. "But you spoke of murder," she continued with a suddenly eager half whisper, "and they promised me that there should be none of that."

At this instant a pair of folding doors, fashioned in imitation of the solid wall, and looking so exactly like it that no one would even have suspected their existence, were thrown open with a hasty sliding sound, and a gentleman, or certainly a man who bore every appearance of being one, advanced into the room.

The strange woman gave a quick start of surprise, colored deeply, and looked up at the new comer with an attitude and with a gentle smile suggestive at once of admiration and fear.

Iola saw before her a man who might have been bordering upon the prime of life. He may have been thirty years of age, the dark hair and features were fresh and delicate in type, and there was a languor, whether real or affected, in the large full dark eyes that seldom fails to awaken a certain amount of interest. The figure was just above the medium height —somewhat delicate yet graceful in build, clad in a suit of black. His hair was dark, with an imperfectly formed line of whisker, and he wore for beard only a heavy moustache and imperial; thus having bearing in full relief every feature of a perfectly formed face except the mouth, whose expression at this moment Iola felt a great desire to read.

Having saluted the two women as we have described, he advanced and spoke. His eyes fastened, not upon Iola but her companion.

"Two persons of whom this young lady knew have come by their death, though through no fault of my men. One of them was shot by a friendly party of Indians for having deliberately slain another, and the other died one of the best fellows of our band, whom he suspected of having betrayed him. The other, an old woman, was accidentally drowned in crossing Loyd's Ford, as she was endeavoring to flee from a bithter. These lawless refuse of many tribes may have been guilty of other desperate acts along the Colorado, of which perhaps she was as eye witness, but for these two deeds hardly be justly held to account for that."

Who could he be? That he should exercise here the rights or rather the might of a feudal lord in the old world of Europe, and having a number of retainers and speaking of "his men" as only military commanders in the present day are accustomed to do.

"I see," said Iola, speaking confusedly, for her head was in a whirl, "that your men may at least be held responsible for bringing me here, since I was expected with such confidence that my coming must have been one of the primary causes of their raid."

"Ha!" The gentleman likewise raised his eyebrows and looked at her with evidently increasing interest. He had been regarding her existence merely in its nearer bearing to be heretofore; and was the thought thus early forced upon him, that she might learn to act in opposition even to his will? "Valeria" he continued, turning to the lady, "have such refreshments brought in. Iola must be quite exhausted."

Iola! That young lady frowned indignantly as the person who seemed to be the lawless arose to obey the request, and a moment later an attendant came in with a waiter loaded with cake and fruits of various kinds, and a decanter of wine.

"You had better drink something," said the gentleman, in soft accents. "You must be quite worn out, after such an intensely stupid, disagreeable day. It was unpleasant necessity. I have thought of you a great deal."

"And wherefore a necessity?" cried Iola, angrily, "Why am I brought here at all? Tell me, you two, I see, and still see not to partake of such doubtful hospitality."

"You must drink," he amiably insisted, pouring out a glass of sparkling wine, "you are painfully nervous, and then, as your clothing seems to be damp from your long ride, I will, with your permission, request Valeria to have you shown to your room for the night. You can then compose yourself to rest at your leisure, and we will have a talk in the morning."

"Take back your wine," she cried, and springing suddenly up and thrusting back the glass which he had extended towards her. "How do I know that it does not contain some drug or even a poison to take away my life? I will have none of it; and I demand to know why I have been thus forcibly brought here."

A swift, angry flash lit up the man's face for a moment, and there was an unbounded astonishment in his gaze as he looked at her, followed by a cold glitter of the eye, which when seen may have awakened that element of fear in the woman's manner when he had first looked, and which, as she was destined too soon to discover, when he chose to exercise it, had power to hold in subjection the most desperate of his band of outlaws.

"I will answer you," he presently said, speaking slowly at first, as though determined to master himself thoroughly before committing himself, "though I am astonished at myself, most of all, in doing so. In the first place, then, I could never be guilty of the bad taste in myself, or treat any favorite of mine so badly, as to mix with it anything incongruous, and therefore destructive to its rare excellency. In proof of which, as you decline this glass, I quaff it in your stead," and he tossed it off then placed it upon the table and turned quickly towards her. "And now you wish to know why you were brought here?"

"Yes."

"And by whom married?"

"Yes."

"I then chose to take the trouble of sending for you."

"You know then of Miles Gay's visit to the East?"

"Yes."

"And he is in your employment?"

"Yes."

"What can you want with me? Who can you be?" she cried.

"One question at a time," he answered, calmly. "What do I want with you? Nothing."

"Then you are in the interests of another," she exclaimed, with reviving spirit. "You are the tool of that bad man, Wm. Whitfield."

"The person whom she was addressing glanced around him and over with a lofty smile.

"I, the tool," he replied, amiably. "You have never learned to appreciate my position yet, though I dare say you will. Other men and brave may be my tools; but I am monarch of all I survey. I said of you, when you were far away in Kentucky, 'Bring her,' and you have been brought."

"Yet you know William Whitfield ?" she exclaimed, with dilating eyes.

"Yes."

"Good heavens!" She was starting up, looking him eagerly in the face. "You can not be——" and the words died away on her pale lips.

"Her what?" he asked, coolly.

"You cannot be my mother's half brother, Malvern Cushing?"

He drew up his truly fine figure to its fullest height, making him appear an inch taller than before, and looking down upon her as about to talon its prey came into his eyes again.

"Aye, why not? You think I am not acting the part of an uncle towards the child of a sister who discarded me from my childhood as my unnatural father had done." For the first time there was a frown upon his face, and his voice was low and husky with suppressed emotion.

Iola still looked at him with mingled emotions of wonder and fear.

"Answer me," she said, with a sharp accent of pain, yet with much of his own imperial dignity, too. "Are you the nation of whom from my earliest infancy I have heard so much, yet whom I have never seen? The man whose life and crimes are the theme of every tongue throughout this country; and who, oh! most marvelous paradox of all, has my mother's blood in his veins. Can you, in Heaven's name, answer me, can you be Malvern Cushing?"

Much as McGregor upon his native heath declared himself at last did he turn towards her.

"Yes," he answered slowly, and in thrilling accents, "daughter of my unnatural father's house, you behold me at last. I am Malvern Cushing."

And Iola, turning wildly towards the door with fear, and repulsion, written in every lineament of her face, fell fainting upon the floor.

CHAPTER XIX.

CASTLE DARE.

Malvern Cushing's bell rang out sharply from the parlor summoning aid, and understanding the signal the butler looked in.

"Send Valeria and Junietta, the maid."

Seeing the insensible woman upon the floor the man withdrew quickly, while the master of the domain—for so we may call him—at once poured out another glass of the wine, just as the two women, the lady and maid who had been summoned, entered the room.

"The girl has fainted, Valeria. Is her room ready?"

"Yes, Malvern."

"Then she had better be taken to it at once. Lift her head there Junietta, so that I can force her to drink some of this wine, and see that she takes something more substantial before retiring, or she may have a spell of illness."

The woman bent over the prostrate form of the girl upon the floor, and turned the full young face upon her knee, just as the latter was gasping for breath. And Malvern Cushing, holding the glass to her lips, compelled her to swallow the greater portion of the contents.

"She'll come round now in good time," he continued, "and to preserve her perfect health, it only remains to see that her stomach does not prove unequal itself for such food. Remember then, that she must be made to eat."

"The paneled room of the right wing on the third floor, I think you said," replied the lady.

"Yes."

"And the keys?"

"Are to be kept by Caleb, the butler."

"And she is to be allowed the range of the third floor only?"

"She is to be kept exclusively in her own room until I give orders to the contrary," he replied pointedly. "Answer no questions, and let her remain so night, but leave her to the undisturbed repose which will naturally come upon one of her youth after a day of such fatigue. There, she is rallying I see. Take her up at once, and tell her she shall know all in the morning—not before."

So saying, Malvern Cushing vanished through the door by which he had come, and left the three women alone.

"A pretty face," said the woman whom he had called Valeria, looking thoughtfully down, "an uncommonly pretty face, Junietta, and yet how like——"

"As like as two peas," replied the maid, emphatically. "I wonder if she will be allowed to see her?"

"Hush," said the mistress quickly. "She will understand you, and you have heard your orders. Lift her to the sofa again until thought and strength have in a measure returned."

By this time consciousness was returning to Iola and she required but little assistance to rise to her feet. She was as yet too feeble to stand, however, and again sank into the nearest seat, looking wildly about her.

"Where am I?" she gasped. "I have had such a fearful dream," and seeing the two strange women bending over her she looked once more about her in the room, as though in quest of something, or some one else that might be able to connect a broken chain of evidence in her mind.

"Where is he?" she asked.

"Who?"

"He, Malvern Cushing. Ah, the man whom I should never have met has overtaken me at last, for I have been thus forcibly brought here."

A swift, angry flash lit up the man's face for a moment, and there was an unbounded astonishment in his gaze as he looked at her, followed by a cold glitter of the eye, which when seen may have awakened that element of fear in the woman's manner when he had first looked, and which, as she was destined too soon to discover, when he chose to exercise it, had power to hold in subjection the most desperate of his band of outlaws.

"I will answer you," he presently said, speaking slowly at first, as though determined to master himself thoroughly before committing himself, "though I am astonished at myself, most of all, in doing so. In the first place, then, I could never be guilty of the bad taste in myself, or treat any favorite of mine so badly, as to mix with it anything incongruous, and therefore destructive to its rare excellency. In proof of which, as you decline this glass, I quaff it in your stead," and he tossed it off then placed it upon the table and turned quickly towards her. "And now you wish to know why you were brought here?"

"Yes."

"And by whom married?"

"Yes."

"I then chose to take the trouble of sending for you."

"You know then of Miles Gay's visit to the East?"

"Yes."

"And he is in your employment?"

"Yes."

"What can you want with me? Who can you be?" she cried.

"One question at a time," he answered, calmly. "What do I want with you? Nothing."

"Then you are in the interests of another," she exclaimed, with reviving spirit. "You are the tool of that bad man, Wm. Whitfield."

"The person whom she was addressing glanced around him and over with a lofty smile.

"I, the tool," he replied, amiably. "You have never learned to appreciate my position yet, though I dare say you will. Other men and brave may be my tools; but I am monarch of all I survey. I said of you, when you were far away in Kentucky, 'Bring her,' and you have been brought."

"Yet you know William Whitfield ?" she exclaimed, with dilating eyes.

"Yes."

"Good heavens!" She was starting up, looking him eagerly in the face. "You can not be——" and the words died away on her pale lips.

"Her what?" he asked, coolly.

"You cannot be my mother's half brother, Malvern Cushing?"

He drew up his truly fine figure to its fullest height, making him appear an inch taller than before, and looking down upon her as about to talon its prey came into his eyes again.

"Aye, why not? You think I am not acting the part of an uncle towards the child of a sister who discarded me from my childhood as my unnatural father had done." For the first time there was a frown upon his face, and his voice was low and husky with suppressed emotion.

Iola still looked at him with mingled emotions of wonder and fear.

"Answer me," she said, with a sharp accent of pain, yet with much of his own imperial dignity, too. "Are you the nation of whom from my earliest infancy I have heard so much, yet whom I have never seen? The man whose life and crimes are the theme of every tongue throughout this country; and who, oh! most marvelous paradox of all, has my mother's blood in his veins. Can you, in Heaven's name, answer me, can you be Malvern Cushing?"

Much as McGregor upon his native heath declared himself at last did he turn towards her.

"Yes," he answered slowly, and in thrilling accents, "daughter of my unnatural father's house, you behold me at last. I am Malvern Cushing."

And Iola, turning wildly towards the door with fear, and repulsion, written in every lineament of her face, fell fainting upon the floor.

CHAPTER XIX.

CASTLE DARE.

Malvern Cushing's bell rang out sharply from the parlor summoning aid, and understanding the signal the butler looked in.

"Send Valeria and Junietta, the maid."

Seeing the insensible woman upon the floor the man withdrew quickly, while the master of the domain—for so we may call him—at once poured out another glass of the wine, just as the two women, the lady and maid who had been summoned, entered the room.

"The girl has fainted, Valeria. Is her room ready?"

"Yes, Malvern."

"Then she had better be taken to it at once. Lift her head there Junietta, so that I can force her to drink some of this wine, and see that she takes something more substantial before retiring, or she may have a spell of illness."

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"And by whom married

HOW THE RED OUT INTO THE SUN SET.

BY JOHN ANTON.

A red rose flew up to her sun thing
And brought to her cheek its hot hair.
And through the long shouted lilies
Upon green sun her despair

The sun kept his watch from the lilies,
And smote the sweet blusher indeed.
He cannot his heart with her selfish,
And shepherd the young one to be fled.

Love's Union Pacific.

BY CHARLES NOEL.

When Mr. O' Naught Agent of the "Tear ling Gold Mine Company" of San Francisco, called at our office in New York, one summer afternoon, I felt in the humor to push him through the hatchway. It naturally irritates a sensitive man to have all his boarding-house laughing at him, because he innocently has allowed a fair damsel in a canoe which he inveigled the Cave of Everlasting Frolic and then to bear all his friends yelling that he had better bought stock in the Moon, for as they said, that planet, if it be any nearer remote and intangible office, is at least real and likely to be seen sometimes! I tell you when a man is criticised in this way, and slinks into his store feeling like one totally deprived and then confronts the fellow who trapped him all him smiles and smooth and low of speech, he feels exactly as I felt that June day, like sand blistering the interior and then of them. When I learned upon what errand he came to cause me to accept a building lot in San Francisco in place of my expected cash dividend, my rage and consternation of the man's audacity nearly caused me to go precipitately down the back hatch myself. I recovered my senses soon however, and glared savagely at the Agent of the "Dazzling."

"I don't want land! Don't talk into to me! I exclaimed, defiantly.

"Why not?" My dear sir, there's perfectly secure. Perfectly. Free from taxes and we hasted against earthquake and all kinds of agues whatsoever. Nice locality; fine prospect; sea air. You have read the advertisement?"

"Yes! and I think it all an infamous swindle!"

"Pah! pah! You don't understand it. It's a glorious thing Magnificent! Why those lots—"

"Hust your lots! Tyre think I'm a fool?"

To this he made no response, probably fearing to offend. I continued my raving.

"No, no! I'm not green as you think me! I don't like throwing a thousand dollars away I can't afford it if others can! So I want cash, or my money back! That's how we stand at present! I can have you up for false pretence, you know?"

"I've can play at that. But is almost too hot a day to quarrel. Where you look as if you needed cooling of a little. I'll call in pleasanter weather. Good day!" And before I could finish wiping my face, for it was a fearfully hot day indeed, the nonchalantacy Mr. O'Naught had disappeared.

I was in an uncontrollable fever. I walked to the window and stood staring at the white hot pavement opposite, until I almost felt my self melting away. Then, I sat down, and unfolding a little pocket map of California which O'Naught gave me when I bought the shares, I began looking for a place called "Greenhorn's Valley" in Calaveras, and when I discovered it finally, I marked it with an ink blot. Then I hunted the location of the San Francisco lots, but gave up the search with a drowsy indifference, which prompted me to take a nap. That refreshed me somewhat, coming in suddenly awake me, and I called to him yawningly

"Say, Tom, I'm going off on my trip next week."

"Can't do it old fellow, busy season's coming mencing."

"Have enough; but by Jove, I can't wait until November."

It troubled him very slightly, for he walked away whistling.

What a misfortune it seemed, to have to throw four or five months to slip by before I could carry out a scheme I had devised. Half asleep and awake I had been endeavoring to reason in a calm, but unsane fashion the gold craze and the impotent impulses conquered, and I wildly resolved to go to California and settle accounts there. I foresaw that my business had me at any rate as far as Chicago, and once to San Francisco I imagined a mere holiday journey. So I waited and worked till November, and one cool, bright morning escaped from the haze, found myself in Chicago two days later, and in a fortnight more was busy in Omaha developing new trade, and while here made inquiries respecting the route to San Francisco, in the order of my instructions bought a passage, and started for the Pacific the very next morning.

There is a picture common in print shops, called "The Huguenot Lovers." I think it the prettiest picture in the world, and have done for the sake of the sweet face of the woman in it. She is represented to she set of pressing the true Huguenot to wear the white badge of security, which she is endeavoring to wrest from his arm. There is a deep earnestness, a devotion, a nobility in the expression of his remonstrance. Here is a beauty not altogether measured by mere symmetry of line or curve, for there is a subtle, winning influence in the face that enchants and fascinates. I had a photograph of the picture hanging over the table in my stateroom, and I could scarcely remove my person possessed of such a sweetness of expression. It was a harmless fancy at best, probably a folly, yet I am not ashamed of it.

Nor, indeed, was I to think of this picture was the fact that in the depot at Omaha among a crowd of plumed and muffled travellers, I detected I asserted a fair, sweet face that seemed the exact counterpart of the painted ideal. When I first beheld her she was bidding farewell to a tall, handsome young man, and was clinging to his arm, her eyes gazing sadly, tearfully into his face. Presently she was the only one left.

It is not true to say that I fell in love instantly, for I had been in love for years with the sweet apparition. That charming face haunted me everywhere, and suddenly

Forgetting for the nonce all my speculative inquiries into mining affairs, I yielded myself to the sentimental. I suddenly lost sight of the attractiveness of the confusion on the station and the dense crowd at one point having fixed my attention and prevented me from discovering whether she and her male friend had gone. As the train moved slowly off, I heard acharus of "Good bye, Addie; take care of yourself! Good bye!" and beheld a great waving of handkerchiefs and kissing of hands, by myself and unobserved for whom it was intended.

Leaving my state-room I rambled through the cars in a vain search. How lonely, how utterly miserable I felt as I stretched myself in the easy little berth. The day was dreary enough. Sharp winds and carriers through the cool fragrance of the last leaves. I could neither read nor converse. I felt as guilty as an abscondding embezzler, for I knew I had taken this journey contrary to the wishes of the firm, often, to employ my money. I was in love!

I had started across the continent from Omaha, and the Overland, bounded by dusky bluffs, and the horizon in their awful monotony of desolation, day by day. I began to grow impatient of the long journey, and to wish myself at the end of it. I found a little fever in my veins, and my mind began to run on the every turn, romantic adventures with Indians and the very grotesqueries of landscape.

I did not remember that it was nearly midwinter, and that breath, trying to catch the fainted syllable of speech—an unmanly curiosity I confess but recalled I was in love and a madman. I heard a voice apparently reading aloud and then the mingled chattering and whispering of female conversation, seeming to come from No. 10, immediately opposite me. I felt certain that there were only two persons talking, and, still not suspecting that I was a man, I concluded that the denizens of yonder state room were ladies. Just then a long, loud, hoarse shriek from the locomotive so startled me that I dreamed the door shut and gave way to reverie again. It is strange, perhaps, but from that moment I felt no longer alone. The mystery of the voices was to me a source of painful guessing. The moaning, white clouds from the smoke-stack flitting past the window wearied me into sleepiness, and the knell of the gliding train set me in a trance. ere I was aware. As I closed my eyes I scarcely observed that we were approaching a most rugged, mountainous region, and that deep night was confounding us everywhere.

I awoke from an unpleasant slumber, and was that it was dark inside utterly black and obscure. I felt for my watch and, by the dim light of the car lamp discovered the bewildering fact that it was eight o'clock. Right in the morning of the clock as usual, and then I recollected that we passed Fort Kearney at night the last evening. There was a great noise in the car, loud voices were calling and commanding. I knew we were no longer in motion. It was not as cold as on the night, tonight. There was a sensation as of a warm smothering dampness, it may be so described. Then I heard women's voices, and because I had been conversing thinking of them, they thrilled me strangely! I dashed open the door and saw the porter trying to light a lamp that had been extinguished. The passage was crowded with excited men.

"What's the matter?" I cried

"We're caught in the pass! Snow drifts!" somebody answered, out of this flabel of mist forms and shouts.

In the dim crowd I saw no one, only an excited crowd—a running to and fro—a red lantern—and that is all I could distinguish. But then I did see the door open of No. 10, and an elderly lady emerge, her face a picture of astonishment.

Is there an accident sir? is there? Is there?" she inquired.

"No, ma'am!" stopped by snow—that's all!" I answered curtly.

"My!" my!" she cried excitedly, as she spoke to some invisible personage in the state room. "I told you so! I told you how it would be! Come to be buried in the snow—if we'd only taken Charley's advice! Dear, oh, dear!"

"It may not be as bad as you think," a cheerful voice replied.

I recognized it as the one I had heard reading. As I stood in the passage way I was startled rather suddenly by a voice. It was one of the excited passengers, and as I steadied myself I gave a glance inside. Oh! fortune! wrapped in shawls, but lovelier than ever, The Image leaped herself! I hardly had courage to stammer. "It's only a snow drift!" an odd, shock some particles from her skirts. "Just look at our room! full of it! were covered with it! It's decidedly pleasant, isn it?"

To fact I couldn't find words to utter. I state room through the open ventilator, and had already covered berths and baggage with a white deposit, which was melting and trickling everywhere. The place was chilly and cheerless.

"It's break fast time," I said, showing them my watch. They looked aghast. "It will not do for you to stay here. Pardon me, but I know it exactly. I'll call you. You mustn't sit here—go over to No. 5, it is more comfortable—you can stay there till things are fixed here."

Thank you exceedingly, but—" from the young lady.

"But we are" interrupted the elderly one.

I broke in quickly with

"You have no time to lose! Don't delay—it's madness to stay here—look! the snow is coming in yet, thick and fast—it's no place to be!"

Seeing to my room, I produced a twist of wax taper which I always carry in traveling—and lighting it, soon made a cheerier radiance. Then I quickly transformed the couch into the wonted shape of a comfortable seat, and bowed to the ladies and left them consulting, while I hastened to the front to learn the nature of the

It was snowing furiously. An enormous white mass arose before the engine, which a few dozen men were trying to remove with shovels. I wondered where all the dirty-looking Indians could be, and were informed that at the snow with their hands and flat boards I learned, afterwards, that they were passengers on our train from Fort Kearney.

The pass was a narrow one, and steep cliffs all about us, like a stronghold of castles. Far away, pale, low clouds—the peaks of the Rockies. What a chaos of voices! Everybody was giving advice and no one would cede to the other and theirs. To add to the tumult, the impatient monster of an engine uttered a succession of loud yells and made frantic endeavors to tug itself free. The gale was blowing off the top of the drift, so that daylight began to reappear in the cars.

"We're good for a month here" exclaimed a fine-looking young man, who wore eye-glasses.

"We'll freeze to death before that," muttered a shivering individual, who appeared to be climbing the ice.

"Not much! drawled a rough-looking cadaverous man; "ketched by Injins and scalltyped —that's more like it."

"Cursedly," I added, stumbling through the car in a blue mist, for I was blinded by the glare and fury of the snow. Groups of ladies were standing in the passage, consulting together the time had all gone to the pennies, I was thinking only of one fair being. When I knocked at No. 5, my prior abode, now tenanted by the ladies, the two appeared.

"Can I bring you anything? Have you breakfasted?" I inquired

"Oh, yes, thank you kindly; we're very comfortable."

"I'm pleased to hear it. Take that large travelling shawl of mine and use it, please. It's getting fearfully cold."

"No, no, sir," ejaculated the elderly lady, "I don't deprive yourself of it."

"Indeed I prefer retaining it, as a favor, I do not with it, I assure you."

"You're too kind, sir." The dame looked as though she thought with out reproach that I meant

"Depend upon it, it will be cold tonight. The gale is rising and everything is freezing outside."

"Don't you think we shall get off before night?" interrogated Madame, with an anxious expression.

"That's impossible to tell, ma'am, they are working as hard as they can, but it's a terrible job, I tell you."

"Oh, gracious! no Christmas for us in Prime!" sighed the fair one.

"Not at this rate of speed," I returned, "still we will have to make merry as best we can."

"Delightful prospect, I must say!"

"Are you from St. Louis?" queried the damsel, scrutinizing me attentively as though she expected to find me labelled with my name, address and direction.

"I'm from New York, and, like yourself, am destined if getting to San Francisco as soon as possible."

"From New York" exclaimed the fair one. "Ma, only think what a long, tiresome journey she will have from New York!" and then I discovered the new fact, that this was her mother, and was not too well pleased with the information.

"Indeed I found travelling in good company," I remarked, earnestly regarding the young lady, who conscious of my gaze, lowered her eyes. She made no reply. Things began to look encouraging. I was not progressing in my way. Evidently the ladies were annoyed by the presence of this ever-vigilant parent, and the romance of the adventure began to lose its zest. I went home—that is to No. 10—and could till my eyes and ears.

I was kept awake all night by the incessant coughing, sneezing and groaning of the passengers; and by the crying of children who, famished, were clamoring for food. I was hungry. The next morning when I greeted my ideal, she nodded, but immediately retired to her state room and slammed the door. I thought this quite natural, and I "could" but as I did not

Katie's Mishaps.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

The dinner bell soon rang, and Katie, after bathing her eyes, with a heavy heart went to the dining room, but, she sat without a word, as soon as she could leave the table, made her escape to the garden and hid herself away in a shaded arbor where she could give way to her sad feelings unobserved.

Several days passed. Katie heard nothing of the lost treasure, and was beginning to console herself with the idea that her aunt, having such a multiplicity of jewels, might never miss this ring at all, when one morning she observed in the sitting room, her mamma and aunt engaged in a low voiced conversation, excited by every unusual circumstance, Katie seated herself on the sofa, apparently deeply engaged with a book, while her ears drank in eagerly every word that reached her. At length Aunt Caroline spoke in a louder voice, and Katie, terror-stricken, heard her say, "If it had been a trifle, I should not have mentioned it, but being my wedding ring, I cannot make up my mind to lose it. The diamond, too, which it contains is almost priceless." Astonished that you do not suspect Mary of the theft, for she and the children are the only ones that have access to my room." Mrs. Morton replied that they had better attempt nothing until Mr. Morton's return home, which would be but a day or two at furthest and they left the room together.

The next morning after this occurrence, letters were received from Mr. Morton. Madame Bourdon had consented to receive Katie among her limited number of pupils, and as the term was on the eve of commencing, she must be sent there without unnecessary delay. Accordingly trunks were packed, and Katie with a trusty servant was dispatched to her father, who conveyed her safely to her destination.

In the bustle of preparation, Katie felt partial relief from the dark thoughts that oppressed her. But when the time of departure arrived, and her mother held her to her heart in a parting embrace, a confession trembled on her lips, and could they have been but one moment alone, Katie, would have told her all. But her brothers and sisters crowded around her, and with velvet agitation and sobbings, she hurried into the carriage with her fatal secret still unsold.

Katie was pleasantly received with Madame Bourdon, who had for many years been a teacher. She made it her study to understand thoroughly the young minds entrusted to her care, and her genial manner of imparting knowledge made their school hours a real pleasure.

Katie's companions were amiable, well-bred girls who were exceedingly kind to the young stranger for her mother's sake, and she might have been thoroughly happy but from the uncertainty of what might be the consequence of her foolish meddling with her aunt's jewel room.

Meanwhile, things was progressing in Katie's home. Mary had been arrested for the theft of the ring. Upon her examination before a magistrate the girl was overcome with fear, fainted, shrieked, and screamed, and utterly unable to answer any question, intelligibly. All these appearances were construed into proofs of guilt, and she was committed to prison to await a trial.

Time to a child generally brings relief from troubles, and so it was with Katie. Receiving letters constantly from home, and hearing nothing more about the lost ring, for Mrs. Morton, with a mother's thoughtfulness, had not informed her of Mary's arrest, she naturally concluded that it had either been recovered or else given up as lost. She therefore once more became cheerful, advanced rapidly in her studies, and entered with pleasure into all the pastimes of her companions.

Among the members of Mrs. Bourdon's large family, Ellen Tracy was a general favorite. Katie and she were room-mates. They sat beside each other in the schoolroom, and pursued all their studies. Thus intimately associated, a warm attachment grew up between them, and their companions bestowed upon them the title of the "twin cherries" because they were never found apart.

One day the friends were engaged in painting from the same copy an evening landscape. Madame Bourdon on observing how diligently they worked and admired the correctness of the application, proposed to the class to which they belonged, that each member should paint the same piece, with a view of gaining a prize of a jeweled clasp which had been offered for the best execution of the whole school. This idea was accepted with much pleasure, and preparations were at once made for the contest.

As the pupils were only permitted to devote one hour in each day to their drawing master, two weeks passed before the pictures were finished. But as Katie and Clara had commenced earlier than the others, their works were the first completed, carefully wrapped, and laid away.

During the interval that must occur before the rest of the pupils would be ready for an examination, Clara Tracy, by permission of Madame, went to visit a friend of her mother, living near the school. During her absence Katie's thoughts dwelt almost entirely upon her friend. Clara's anxiety to win the prize manifested itself in all her actions, although she never had expressed such a wish, but Katie's desire was only for her friend's success. It was conceded by all that the contest would really be between the friends, as they were the most skillful with the brush of any in the class. Such thoughts made it, Katie, she would examine her friend's work. Stealing up to the class-room, she locked the door, and taking the printings from their wrappers, sat down to examine them. Every judgment, and at fault she decided that Clara's picture exceeded hers in execution, but there was one blemish. It was in the coloring of the sunset. Slight it was, but it destroyed, in the eyes of the connected, and then the picture would be perfect. What a pleasure it would be if, through a simple act of hers, she could secure the prize to Clara. Resolving to remedy this little fault, which she knew the teacher would condemn. Upon the spur of the moment, she seized a brush, and was just in the act of touching the picture, when, startled by a sudden noise at the door, the brush fell from her trembling hand, and rolled over the painting until it fell on the floor.

Alas! for poor Katie, was she near to conquer her fatal propensity! Clara's picture she had taken so much labor to complete laid before her a total wreck.

As she gazed with tearful eyes on the mischief she had done, a great terror seized her. Hastily wrapping up the picture, she hid it securely there by the piano and concealed all traces of the accident when again came a knocking at the door, and a gentle voice said, "Katie dear, are you there, I have been knocking gin everywhere." It was Clara, who had unexpectedly returned. With a strong effort Katie suppressed her emotion and admitted her friend, whose once exhilarated at she kissed her, "What ails you," Katie! your face is as pale as death, you are sick. Sit down for a moment and I will run to Madam for some wine." But Katie kept her back. "No, no," she said, "nothing is the matter. If she had but; looked to the desire she felt to inform Clara the whole extent of the misfortune. But she hesitated, and the opportunity was lost, for soon the tea gong sounded through the house and they hurried to the dining room.

The time dragged wearily on with Katie until the close of the afternoon session. The anxious pupils were assembled in the painting-room. Madam and the drawing master were seated at a table whereon laid the paintings, and by their side stood the handsome cup glistening with jewels. After a short address by Madam, the investigation began; each picture was duly examined, commented upon and praised, until Katie's beautiful work was in the teacher's hands. Upon this he looked with admiring eyes, and all the pupils felt sure that to her the cup would be awarded, but Clara's painting still remained on the table, and Katie, all trembling, with a face alternating from burning blushes to deathly pallor, saw the teacher lift it up. His cry of astonishment startled her to the heart, and it required all her fortitude to prevent her to keep her seat. As Clara passed up to the teacher and stood by his side, quietly looking on the ruin without betraying any emotion. When questioned about the affair she was an accident and not another word escaped her lips for the truth flashed upon her mind at once and the agitation of Katie on the day of her return, was now accounted for.

The decision was given, and the cup was awarded to Katie; but had the painting of Clara remained perfect, she would surely have been the victor.

Katie listened, but the sound of the teacher's voice fell unheeded on her ear, until the congratulating voices of her schoolmates made her conscious that she had gained them with an almost superhuman effort she rose from her seat, and walking rapidly to Madam Bourdon, declared in a resonant voice, without faltering for a moment, that she had destroyed Clara's picture, and Clara alone was entitled to the prize.

A loud murmur of astonishment was heard throughout the room.

Expressions of sympathy for Clara, and unjealous remarks upon Katie's conduct were whispered from one to another, but none observed the varying color of her face, nor the quivering of her form, until she fell prostrate in a fainting fit. Clara hurried to her side and when she had revived, and they were alone again, Katie told her friend how it had all happened. "If it had been any other but yours, I could have borne it better," Katie said as she held her friend's hand. "I know just a little touch would make your picture perfect, and I wanted so much that yours should excel all the others."

Katie after this lost the confidence of her school-fellows, and although an explanation of the circumstance was given them, she never regained it. If any mysterious thing occurred every eye was turned to her as the perpetrator.

Under this treatment Katie became very unhappy, her studies were neglected, even Clara's society become distasteful to her, and she finally left the school. But Katie's troubles were not yet over. She arrived at home on the day of poor Mary's trial.

Then for the first time she learned the fatal consequences attendant on the loss of Aunt Caroline's ring. Sick at heart, she immediately sought her mother and poured out all her sorrows into her sympathizing breast.

The room occupied by Aunt Caroline during her visit had been closed since her departure, and Mrs. Morton with her own hands removed the carpet carefully from the floor, and the ring, which had been found in a corner, snugly secured in a deep fold of the carpet. The mischief was found.

Measures were immediately taken for Mary's speedy release; a sum of money offered to her, and an invitation given to resume her place in the family, but she said money could not heal her wounded feelings, and she would not live in a house with such a wicked, mischievous girl as Katie.

With all these accumulated sorrows heaped upon her, Katie formed new resolutions, and ever after kept them, becoming when she grew to woman's estate a highly estimable lady. After her marriage, when she had a little family gathered at her fireside, she would talk to them of the sorrows encountered by a meddlesome little girl, and counseled them against ever touching anything that did not belong exclusively to themselves, without the consent of the owner. I am glad to say Katie's children grew up without this grievous fault. And I hope all my youthful readers will profit by Katie's mishaps, and shun the error which embittered all her young life.

(THE END.)

GENTLEMAN JIM.

The Cincinnati Times says: In the "Diamond" shaft there was no steadier, harder worker than Jim Gardiner. What he did with his money was long a mystery—he had no wife, no family, no expensive habits, no relatives that any one knew of, and yet no savings bank account. It was learned later that all but the little needed for his daily wants went for charity—for charity in every shape. Secretively, into the huts of women and children whose husbands and fathers had gone down in the crush of falling timbers or come forth all black and crisp from fire and choke damp.

There was something about Gardiner that suggested a former life of a higher grade. He talked little, but that little was in words well chosen, and of value. His dress was the same as rough as the roughest, but he carried it as a man who had been used to it, and wore it unsmilingly. They called him "Gentleman Jim" in the mines, but they all liked him as a man who simply did his duty and asked no odds.

In the accident of last April, when the roof of a part of the mines fell in, burying 26 men, it appeared in the evidence that there were a few seconds, during the crack of timbers before the roof fairly drove, and in that brief time, in those few beats of the pulse, "Gentleman Jim" caught two boys with his left arm, and by the strength of a giant out of the fatal chamber into the safe main alley. Then went down with the slide.

When he body was recovered the next day, they found him with his right hand thrust into the left vest pocket of a companion, dead by his side. There was nothing in it save a card, on which was fastened, with a drop of sealing wax at the date, all blackened, a ringlet of a mother's two generation leaves. Underneath was written in a woman's hand: "Jim, I love you. Jane. June 4, 1867." Just below was written, in a man's hand: "June, 1870—all withered except the love."

A Horned Toad's Struggle for Life.

A party of trout fishers camping near Lyon's Dam, Cal., a few days since, witnessed a very unusual incident. A large rattlesnake was attempting to swallow a somewhat diminutive horned toad, and seemed likely to succeed if given time enough. The hind legs of the toad protruded from the saliva-flecked jaws of the reptile, and were occasionally acted with convulsive movements as if the little animal was impatient of the delay in going down the capacious throat. Just as the legs were disappearing, the body of the snake just behind its villainous-looking head began to swell. Its jaws began to bulge and its spirit seemed troubled. The parties watching the process of assimilation then became aware that the plucky little horned toad had tired of feeling around in a rattlesnake's jaws and wanted to get out. The swelling continued and the snake apparently until the four little horns which form the crest of the toad's back burst through the scales of the snake. The snake foundered and wriggled in agony until he was dead, when the toad withdrew from his jaws and quietly hopped away.

That Parlor Carpet.

The Detroit Free Press supplies this: A citizen was wending his sickly sadly turned in at a gate on Randolph street, yesterday, and fifteen minutes later he appeared in the back yard with his old clothes on. He backed out of the shed, pulling and hauling and tugging at a big roll of carpeting, and the voice of his wife was heard calling out:

"Do you want to tear that carpet all to pieces?"

He didn't answer her until he had dragged it under the clothes line. Then he run a tack into his hand, and jumping over the roll, he shouted:

"Yes, I do! and I'll do it, too!"

He didn't though. The pain subsided after a few minutes, and the man almost whistled as he began spreading out the carpet. His wife came out, suspecting that it wouldn't do any good to draw it over the wood pile and through the heap of old ashes, and he chuckled with satisfaction when she stuck a big tack in her foot and limped into the house. When he was ready to elevate the carpet and get it over the clothes-lines, and he set to work. One end went up very easy; the man tried to pat the other end. He got it over one line, then, looking red in the face, held it there for a minute and then yelled out:

"Mary—somebody—hello—help!" No one appeared, and after a struggle of half a minute he let go and got out of the way of all the fifteen tacks. He sat down and growled, stood up and muttered, and then slunted a board over the line and tried to draw the carpet up the incline.

"Useless triumphant," he chuckled, as the plan seemed to promise success, but the carpet snapped the line and the long end of the board struck the panting man on the top of the head and sunked him flat. When he got out from under the carpet and could spit out the dust, he kicked the mass of carpet seven or eight times as hard as he could, and swore several of the biggest kinds of oaths in rapid succession. He sat down on an old barrel and groaned fearfully around, and it was ten minutes before he rose up and slowly scanned the broken line.

"I'll send the life right out of this carpet when I get at it!" he growled as he walked around it, and after a furious jig he got nearly half of it over the line.

"What on earth is the matter?" asked his wife from the back door.

"I'll matter this blasted carpet in about two minutes," was the sunburned exclamation.

She went out there to pull what she could, and as he was crawling under the raised portion to reach the other corner, she heaved away, lost her hold, and he was enveloped in it. Back and forth it went, and he howls so that man attempt were never heard on that street before. Every time he kicked he got his head entangled in the folds, and he tried to rise up they jabbed his back till he couldn't rest. The wife finally released him, after a long hunt for the right corner, and he leaned against a cherry tree and gasped out:

"Mary, I'm sorry I ever consented to this."

"As much as you have, sir! You ought to have known better than to crawl under there!"

"I had, eh? Don't go to talking back to me!"

"I shall talk all I want to!"

"Then talk to your e-confounded old e-carpet!" he shouted, and he made for the house, stumped into his other suit and perhaps left home forever.

INDIAN SCENES.

Life at the agencies is full of romance and interest these days. The glory of warfare departed, the ridiculous phases of savage tranquility manifest themselves on every hand. On the day of the surrender of Dull Knife they came in with the warriors and were duly disarmed before they were found constructing war clubs with round rocks and rawhide after their peculiar manner. The day after the Crazy Horse surrender was spent in the usual manner, the usual proportion of an Indian's ration; they asked as a favor that the herd of wild Texans be turned over to them alive, so that they could engage in a buffalo hunt in the old style hunt. The request was granted; about twenty steers were turned loose upon the plain and the savages—armed with bows and arrows and mounted upon ponies obtained from Little Cloud's posse baud—gave chase. All the thrilling whoops of battle were shouted and the terrific feats of horsemanship and the skill of the savage with his rudest weapon were exhibited. Goaded by the twinge of the well-aimed arrow, and rendered almost frantic by the unearthly yells, the swift and long-winded Texans sailed away, gully and ravine, like the wind. Every moment a poor brute would receive its death wound from its unerring shaft and occasionally a maddened one would turn and delight his pursuers by a plucky resistance. When the animals were nearly all slain, three or four made a dash over a sheer precipice of some fifteen feet in height. The rest of them were close upon their heels and turned neither right nor left but followed pell mell to the bottom. From the cloud of dust emerged every savage firmly seated and evidently satisfied at the thrilling experience. In about twenty minutes the entire band of steers and squaws and boys who followed the chase had made their last march.

A grand peace council was one of the interesting sights afforded a couple of the visitors at the Red Cloud agency the other day. Little Wound, one of the most powerful of the Sioux chieftains, summoned the other leaders of his nation to the council grand, where he held a talk over a lasting peace and agency reforms. Two thousand dollars was subscribed for him and made to furnish room for one hundred men. As the deliberations were gathered in this gorgeous tent, Little Wound, the leader of ceremony and assistants were slaughtering dogs for the feast which always follows the ratification of certain treaties. A fine white halr animal was wound once round the neck of the animal, and then Spotted Tail and Red Cloud either end of the fatal cord pulled back ward with a "see-saw" motion, and thus strangled the animal. Then the dog was thrown upon a blazing camp fire, his hair pretty well singed off and then the carcass was artistically carved. Soon after a dozen of fair dogs met the fate slaughtered. A number of pots were on the fire at the same time, and when the dog heads were thrown in one, all the legs in another, the tail in another, and so on. Those were placed in the middle of the tent in a circle of delicacies now assembled. As the guests adopted into the circle, an attendant dipped in the pot and blanded a dog under and dire ity in front of Little Wound, Crazy Horse by the same process, while other Sioux chief dignitaries mothered the white men to sit there.

An old man opened the proceedings by an appeal to the Great Spirit, during which the chiefs in the army were impressively solemn. Then the feast began, and the white men, when once accepted to the centre and entered a their husband's plates, continued for two hours, when, dog being done, the leading chief announced that the feal would take place immediately after a short prayer. This was performed, and all the queer features of the Indian dog feast were seen under way. Little feet bones are keenly devoured than canine tenderloins, and the warrior who received a leg for his portion was equally pleased with his neighbor who picked long ribs. Guests were treated just as royally, but their appetites were not always satisfied. Some attempting to swallow a somewhat diminutive horned toad, and seemed likely to succeed if given time enough. The hind legs of the toad protruded from the saliva-flecked jaws of the reptile, and were occasionally acted with convulsive movements as if the little animal was impatient of the delay in going down the capacious throat. Just as the legs were disappearing, the body of the snake just behind its villainous-looking head began to swell. Its jaws began to bulge and its spirit seemed troubled. The parties watching the process of assimilation then became aware that the plucky little horned toad had tired of feeling around in a rattlesnake's jaws and wanted to get out. The swelling continued and the snake apparently until the four little horns which form the crest of the toad's back burst through the scales of the snake. The snake foundered and wriggled in agony until he was dead, when the toad withdrew from his jaws and quietly hopped away.

JOURNALISM.

The first known journal, published over 2,000 years ago, appeared only once a year. This paper, intended to be read by the public, was known by the title Annales Maxim. The editor of this paper was the "Pontifex Maximus," whose duty it was to chronicle all the important events of the year. The news was written on white wooden tablets and attached to the residence of officials. It must have been a curious sight to see the old Romans crowding around these tablets to get a glance at the latest news. But the thirst for knowledge and the curiosity of the people grew rapidly and in such a measure that the government, the only issuer of a journal, found itself obliged to issue a daily. It is interesting to know that some of these journals, having reached the age of 2,044 years, are still in existence. The name of the first daily journal was Acta Populi Romani Diurni. It appeared daily either as Album, i. e., the tablet hung out in public, or the contents were written with red paint on the walls of houses. The contents of the journal comprised what would be considered as daily news in our modern papers. Doubtless it will interest some of our readers to peruse a verbal translation from the oldest journal extant, dated 120 years before the birth of Christ: "Consul Sicinius was the acting judge to-day. There was a heavy thunder storm, and the lightning struck an oak at the foot of the hills of Veii. In a lottery at the foot of the Hill of Janus there was a fight in which the landlord was badly wounded. Sicinius punished some butcher on account of their selling meat which had not been properly cooked. The money then paid was used to erect a chapel to the Goddess Laverna. The broker Cornelius died to-day, taking money with him belonging to other people. He was caught and had to refund the money. The thoughtless Cæsar, the superior of Officer Nerva, has been crucified to-day." It must be of interest to journalists to know that Julius Cæsar, the greatest of all Romans, paid special attention to journalism. He saw the necessity of instructing the people in everything occurring in the State, and we find this quotation in Suetonius Julius Cæsar, causes as hard as he could, and at once several of the biggest kinds of oaths in rapid succession. He sat down on an old barrel and groaned fearfully around, and it was ten minutes before he rose up and slowly scanned the broken line.

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THE LOCUST IN PENNSYLVANIA.

There is no better place for the seventeen year locust than Pennsylvania, for this insect has a predilection for forests of oak, in which that State is rich. Evergreens are not to the taste of the harvest fly, and the insect usually avoids the pine woods, neither is it found in the cedar swamps. Which accounts for its appearance this year in the high grounds of New Jersey, while the marshes are clear of its presence. The writer of the article well remembers the appearance of the pest in Pennsylvania twenty four years ago, and its stay is still as fresh in his memory as if it had taken place only last year. As in Jersey the coming of the swarm was almost simultaneous. The earth resembled a honeycomb by reason of the holes made for the purpose of depositing their eggs. Soon they began to die, and then, although it was still midsummer, the trees in the forests around us have been blighted so by the frosts of October. The tops of the trees showed only dead and brank ered leaves, and the fruit, which in time fell off and dropped to the earth. Wherever the eggs were deposited the sheep of a hundred and in the economy of nature this was completed so that the larva fell to earth for its sey sixteen years of existence in the form of subterranean development. The fat fed by the roots of the trees on the ground is questionable; but for a year or two before the reappearance of the swarm it is no uncommon thing for the farmer to turn swine or cows into the furrow. These of course are still in the crystalis state, and this condition is maintained until the appearance of the pest above ground, when the shell is at once shaken off and the perfect fly revealed.

AMERICAN BEAUTY.

Dr. Charles Mackay writes: There are two respects in which the beauty of American women equalled, never excelled—the classical chasteness and delicacy of the features, and the smallness and exquisite symmetry of the extremities. In both these particulars the ladies of the American ladies are singularly fortunate. I have seldom seen one delicately brought up, with a small head, small hands, feet, etc. also generally small and exquisitely moulded, particularly those of a Maryland girl, who would be the envy of a Spanish beauty, has a thousand little coquettish ways of her own of temptingly exhibiting it. But the form of the American woman as most deficient in its roundness of figure.

But it is a mistake to suppose that well rounded forms may not be found in America. While this is the characteristic of Eastern beauties, they are not confined to a fortune in America. In New England, in the Middle States of Pennsylvania and Maryland, and at the central valley of Virginia, the beauty form is generally speaking, as fine as any in the world. I speak of it there, while a New England complexion is in none can exhibit less a trace of the English rose-cheeked robustness of color; nor can the American women as a class. They are in a delicate, pale, and sickly hue, and the languid debut chiefly superinduced by their want of exercise.

An English girl goes through as much exercise of a forenoon, without dreaming of fatigue as an American will do in a day, and no amount of exercise will do it. It is also true that American is more evanescent than English beauty, particularly in the South, where it seems to decay at all well blossom. But it is much more lasting in the North and northeast, a remark which applies to the whole region north of the Potomac and east of the lakes, and I have frequently seen the middle-aged beauty as lovely and enduring as any that our barely climate can produce.

STREET MUSIC IN NAPLES.

The familiar barrel organ and cracked hurdy gurdy of our own land seem to have no place in Naples with reminiscences of home which we could gladly spare. Boys from the Campagna and the Abruzzi, dressed in sheepskin jackets and swathed legs, with a peacock's feather in their hats, which is contained for many hours, when, dog being done, the leading chief announced that the feal would take place immediately after a short prayer. This was performed, and all the queer features of the Indian dog feast were seen under way. Little feet bones are keenly devoured than canine tenderloins, and the warrior who received a leg for his portion was equally pleased with his neighbor who picked long ribs. Guests were treated just as royally, but their appetites were not always satisfied. Some attempting to swallow a somewhat diminutive horned toad, and seemed likely to succeed if given time enough. The hind legs of the toad protruded from the saliva-flecked jaws of the reptile, and were occasionally acted with convulsive movements as if the little animal was impatient of the delay in going down the capacious throat. Just as the legs were disappearing, the body of the snake just behind its villainous-looking head began to swell. Its jaws began to bulge and its spirit seemed troubled. The parties watching the process of assimilation then became aware that the plucky little horned toad had tired of feeling around in a rattlesnake's jaws and wanted to get out. The swelling continued and the snake apparently until the four little horns which form the crest of the toad's back burst through the scales of the snake. The snake foundered and wriggled in agony until he was dead, when the toad withdrew from his jaws and quietly hopped away.

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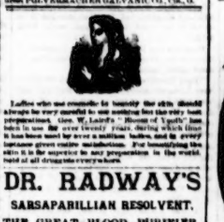

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CAPTAIN DUBURG.

A TRUE STORY.

BY E. V.

One lovely September day, in the year 1811, the inhabitants of the town of Danzic, particularly the gentry, were in a state of great excitement. Early in the morning every window in the principal street was thronged with eager faces, all in anxious, indeed breathless, expectation.

The cause of this excitement was one of an extraordinary nature. A French officer, magnificently attired, and mounted on the back of a gorgeous charger, was to be publicly degraded before all his regiment as a thief.

The unfortunate man was a universal favorite. He pleasure party, whether civil or military, could be complete without his help. He was the life and soul of every dissipated pastime whatever private theatricals were introduced, and every body submitted to his judgment.

Moreover that this, he spoke German and English fluently, and with great precision. He accompanied himself upon the guitar, singing comic songs in both those languages, and was always lively at a dinner party with his excellent stories, and his distributor jests whenever private theatricals were introduced, and every body submitted to his judgment.

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He was a very handsome man, of about forty years of age, and had won his way in the best of society by his quiet and gentlemanly manner, and by never supporting any where unless he were specially invited.

Captain Duburg lodged for some time in apartments over the shop of a jeweller, whose family consisted of a pretty girl, who, in consequence of that, could not afford to employ any assistant in his shop.

In his leisure moments the Captain used to examine into his landlord's domestic affairs, and loiter about the counter, behaving more like a friend than a lodger, and occasionally, in the absence of the shopkeeper, he would take his place behind that counter.

Soon afterwards, several landlords having made complaints against the officers living in their houses, a general order of removal was given, and Captain Duburg amongst the others, was compelled to change his place of residence.

He took leave of the jeweler and his family, who, with tears in their eyes, saw their friend depart.

Shortly afterwards, the proprietor of the shop missed a handsome signet ring, one of the most valuable in his collection. He could not conceive how it had disappeared, as it had always been kept in a drawer with a great number of other valuable articles of jewelry, and no stranger, not even a servant, was allowed to go behind the counter. Suspicion against the Captain was not entertained for an instant by the family, and they bore their loss without much complaint.

A few months after this occurrence, the shop keeper, as was his custom generally on a Sunday, went to witness the parade at the Langen Market, and there he met an acquaintance, upon whose finger he beheld his missing ring.

"Why, Custer, where did you get that ring?" he asked, startled and excitedly. "It was taken out of my shop!" he added, pointedly.

"You make a sad mistake, my friend," the other answered, coolly. "I bought it honestly enough; paid a French officer a hundred thalers for it."

"A hundred devils!" retorted the jeweler, wrathfully. "I will tell you, Herr, the ring is mine, and I will prove it to be so."

"Eh! What is that you are saying!" cried an officer, who understood German, overhearing the two speakers and dropping up to them.

But they paid no attention to this question, and endeavored to escape in alarm, but the commanding voice of the officer obliged them to stop.

Producing a note-book, he asked each man his name, position, and place of residence.

"This business will certainly be inquired into," the officer observed, sternly. "Let me have possession of the ring for a minute. Ah! it is a singularly made article," he added, handing it back to its owner. "Do you know the officer who sold it to you?"

The man answered in the negative, but on being asked to describe his appearance, he did so in such a manner had he done so than the jeweller cried out, in a rage, "Why, that is my late lodger, Captain Duburg!"

The officer was so astonished that he could not recover himself for several moments. At last he said, in a low voice, "Do you adhere to this deposition?"

"Yes!" "Yes!" cried both the men together.

The officer then ordered them not to quit the spot.

Both the men were sorry that they had so foolishly allowed the story to become public, as they could have settled the affair to have recalled their words. But it was too late now to do so, for the surrounding crowd had heard the whole conversation, and were awaiting results.

A file of soldiers accompanied by the accuser and Captain Duburg, pushed with difficulty through the assembled throng.

"Do you know them gentlemen?" asked the officer, addressing the Captain.

A sudden fall from the skies could not have chilled Duburg's nerves more than this question. He paled, and stammered a hardly audible "No."

The Major took the ring, and asked, "Did you sell this article to this gentleman?"

The other again answered "Yes," and the questioner continued, "Where did you obtain it?"

"I received it as a present from my sister, who lives in Paris," Duburg answered, in a stronger voice than before.

"Then have you to say to this, Herr?" the Major pushed, turning to the jeweller.

"You shall hear, Major," returned the other. Then, addressing Duburg he added, "Do you name the owner of this ring?"

The Captain paused at this question, and answered in the negative.

"Well, Major, then I will give you a proof that the ring is my property by acquainting you with its contents."

The person both stepped into a more open space, where the jeweller pressed one of the seals, which instantly disclosed the middle one, and the latter sprung open, disclosing a tiny lock, or hole, large enough to contain a thread or portion of some deadly drug.

The Major, on gazing curiously at the antique trinket, then closed the secret spring, and stood thoughtfully. Then, with slow steps, they returned to the waiting crowd. "Failure me," he said to Duburg.

The Major straightway went to acquaint the General with these painful facts, and he at once issued four soldiers to conduct Duburg to him. Just at that moment the Governor arrived, accompanied by his brilliant staff.

He rode down the line, and gave his orders to the Major that the men were to commence their manœuvres.

But the word "March" had not passed the officer's lips before the Governor had been told what had occured.

Very much enraged, he ordered the accused to be instantly examined, in order that he might not be kept long in ignorance of the result.

Upon the question being asked whether Duburg should be brought into his presence, he thundered forth "No!" and turning his face aside, he trotted off, without inspecting the regiment.

After the troops had departed, the remain officers assembled to hold a court-martial. The judge of the regiment, an intimate friend of the accused, questioned him in trembling accents.

"Captain Duburg, you are accused of having stolen a valuable ring. What have you to answer to this accusation?"

With a firm voice the other replied, "The charge is perfectly clear, and I will speak nothing but the truth. Understanding I was dun ged by the bauble, and took it; and after that I was foolish enough to sell it in this place."

Every one was dumb with astonishment, and some minutes elapsed before the judge was able to proceed, as great was his emotion. At last he said, "Captain Duburg, do you know the consequences this admission of guilt will bring upon you?"

"Certainly I do. The military laws are well known to me. I shall lose my commission, and leave the army in disgrace, forbidden at the same time to tread on French ground again."

Upon the order of the president, the protocol was finished, and then signed with a firm hand by the accused, and an adjutant carried it to the Governor.

Standing with an elbow on the table, the Governor listened to the reading of it. After the conclusion, he threw himself on a sofa, exclaiming, "Most extraordinary, most extraordinary! Understandable in such a man!"

He then commanded that Duburg's sword should be taken from him, and that he should be arrested and placed under strict surveillance.

After the meeting for the examination of the victim had occurred, General Happ rose and thus addressed the assemblage:

"Gentlemen, a most sad event has occurred among us. By his conduct we have here lost a man who was universally honored. I may say loved, for he was a brave soldier, a true friend and good companion. This makes it the more difficult to punish him according to military rules. The proceedings are simplified by his own confession, and to morrow, as soon as the court martial assembles, and you, General Weber, must act as president, let us make an end to this ugly piece of business."

The regimental judge begged to be excused from attending, on the grounds of friendship for Duburg.

The catalèse with which the accused was provided were cut into small pieces, so that no knife was necessary. With a sling of the shoulders, Duburg took the spoon, exclaiming, "It is unnecessary in a gentleman."

Many friends who came to visit him begged him to support them something upon which they could establish his innocence. Upon which he replied, "I thank you all, but am grateful for your sympathy, but I cannot avail myself of your proffered help. My part is played. I submit myself to my punishment, and therefore entreat to be spared further proposals of this kind."

On the following day the court martial was held. Three hours afterwards the protocol was signed by the officers who had tried the accused, and they ordered it to be conveyed to the Governor.

On the deputies being announced, the Governor received the gentlemen, slowly rising from his chair, and again listened to the reading of it.

The general summary of the protocol bearing out the form of introduction, was to the following effect:

"As Captain Duburg by his own confession acknowledges himself guilty, he is to be punished like a common thief, and to be dismissed from the service in the presence of his men, to be struck off the Army List. He is to be sentenced to one year's imprisonment; and if he enters the service again, it can only be as a common soldier. After an account of his good conduct and services, he is recommended to the Emperor's mercy."

With a deep drawn breath, the Governor remarked, "the sentence, gentlemen, is severe, but that be the coffee is one of the hottest, for the honor of the Imperial army we must see that it is carried out. The prisoner will know his fate this very day, and I command Xenalind to undertake the necessary duties for his public dismissal to-morrow morning in the presence of the whole regiment in the market place."

The condemned man was brought from the closed carriage into the room, where his sentence was read to him.

Upon being asked whether he had anything to say against the sentence he trembled for a moment, and then answered in a firm voice, "No."

The proposal that the case should be placed before the Emperor he declined at once, declaring that he was willing to bear the punishment.

Upon this, he had to sign another document, whereupon two soldiers entered with hand-cuffs.

At the sight of these his courage seemed to give way a little, and he begged to be spared that disgrace, at least. But on being answered that the rules must be obeyed, he quite recovered resignedly. "Well, even this I will bear," and allowed them to be fastened round his wrists.

General Happ, who pitied him greatly, ordered a cloak to be thrown over him. And in that way he was led to his temporary imprisonment.

The agony of the approaching punishment spread like wildfire, and the market-place, and the windows looking thereupon, were thronged with people.

The troops arranged themselves in the form of a hose shoe; and after the officers had stepped into the centre of the spot, the General was at his post of duty, and the poor man was brought out amongst them.

After they had removed his coat and the handcuffs, he stood before them in complete uniform.

An officer asked him if he had anything to say to them. Upon his head "No!" two others approached, one of whom carried a red cushion. The other with a pair of scissors cut the orders from the unhappy man's breast, kissed them and put them on the cushion which was at once carried away.

Upon the order of the General, the officer who had cut off the orders broke his sword over his knee, and threw the splinters at the feet of the condemned man.

Then the drums commenced rolling, and the latter sprung open, disclosing a tiny lock, or hole, large enough to contain a thread or portion of some deadly drug.

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Upon the order of the General, the officer who had cut off the orders broke his sword over his knee, and threw the splinters at the feet of the condemned man.

Then the drums commenced rolling, and the latter sprung up, who cut his [illegible] and then tore the epaulettes off with such force that they left great rags in the shoulders of his coat. Then they took his hat off from his head, trampled it with contempt beneath them.

All his accoutrements spelled lay on the ground near him. The scene was an impressive, though painful one. Many turned their heads away, whilst several of his brother officers were not ashamed to allow the tears to be seen in their eyes.

After the painful ceremony was concluded, they were about to put his handcuffs on again, when, stepping forward, he addressed the General.

"Your Excellency, allow me to speak a few words now, as I wish to make known an important communication."

"Speak!" returned the other.

"As a condemned officer, I suffered my punishment, and I will give you back the sword which I have borne up to the present time. I am not the son of Monsieur Duburg, the late banker of Rome, but I am the son of a shopkeeper in Strasbourg, and my name is Strasburg